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PERFECT LOVE

PERFECT LOVE:

Memorials

of

John and Elizabeth Wolfe.

BY THE

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"PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR."

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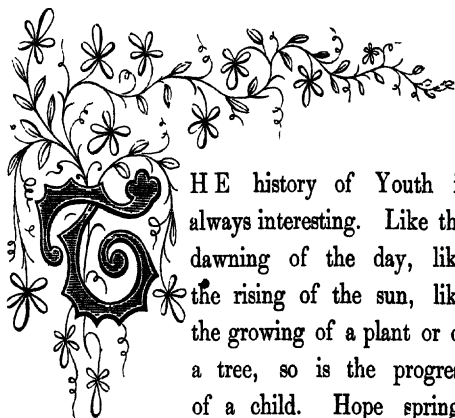
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Perfect Love.

CHAPTER I.



THE history of Youth is always interesting. Like the dawning of the day, like the rising of the sun, like the growing of a plant or of a tree, so is the progress of a child. Hope springs into life with our offspring ; and her glad voice over them is heard saying, May they be as trees of righteousness in the garden of the Lord. May many partake of their sweet fruits, and sit in peace beneath their shade !

Man is a moral plant. How eagerly do we watch his progress and advancement in stature of body, in strength of mind, in purity of heart, in nobleness of character. The bud of infancy expanding into the flower of youth, and ripening into the fruit of manhood, attracts our admiration, and gratifies our hearts. How often do we pause to gaze, and gaze again, on human loveliness!

The encomium of the great Creator was bestowed on man, when He brought him into being fully formed. The Sons of God shouted for joy when they beheld this new workmanship of the Most High, and heard Him pronounce it "very good." If there be one period of man's history more than another, upon which, in this fallen state, we are most disposed to pass a similar sentence of approval, it is when the bloom of boyhood is forming on his cheek. Then the open countenance and the intelligent look, the cheerful laugh and the winning smile, the artless simplicity of manner, the confiding frankness of address, the delicate sensibility of feeling, the affectionate dispositions of heart, the ready

obedience and willingness to oblige, the generous forgetfulness of self, and other attractive graces, present in him a combination of excellencies which is rarely surpassed in any other portion of his earthly existence. They are like the fair clusters of ripening grapes which hang upon one stem. They are like the many blended hues of light which form one beautiful ray. Or again, they are like these same hues when separately exhibited in the bow of promise.

Alas ! that in the great majority of instances they should resemble these hues also in their evanescence. Mere human goodness proves to be but as the brightness of the rainbow, a passing product of commingled rain and sunshine. Yet how fondly do we love to look upon it ! And the painter transfers it to his canvas, lest the lovely vision passing quickly from before the eye, should fade away also from the remembrance. So likewise does many a fond parent.

Who shall tell in what bureau are not deposited tracings and remembrances of departed children ? Their span seemed to enclose all the horizon of our earthly happiness ; but, with the going down

of their sun, they vanished from our sight, and now we often vainly strive to recall and to preserve their loveliness. Even before they receded from our view, we may have tried to paint some likeness of their brilliancy. Each feature, moral, physical, and intellectual, we may severally, and at different intervals, have carefully portrayed, when the brightness of their presence was expanded before us; and now we occupy the long night of our bereavement by gathering these different sketches together, and we beguile our sorrow by many a fond attempt to combine, and to present, them all in one perfect portrait on which the eye and the heart may alike repose.

The following Memoir is such a gathered picture. It designs to portray the likeness of a lovely youth. Many remembrances of him exist. Many moral and mental miniatures of him have been laid side by side, but now that the best caught features of resemblance have been blended into one, we produce, alas ! but an imperfect picture of the excellent original.

Traces of his heaven-taught mind, have, by

the over-ruling providence of God, been also preserved in various papers in his own handwriting: for owing to the extreme sensitiveness of his feelings, he generally preferred making known his sentiments by letters, rather than by oral communications, even to his beloved parent, who was seldom from his side. These papers, with his letters, notes, &c., most of which have long been circulated in manuscript copies by admiring friends, have now been carefully collected, and form the principal materials from which the present sketch is drawn.

At the period of his death, various relatives copied each the portion which was personally felt to be most interesting. Neighbours also begged to be favoured with extracts, and parents earnestly desired to put into the hands of their children the instructive record of so beautiful an example. Thus copy after copy was multiplied, each differing from the other in the amount of their interesting particulars.

In England, in Ireland, and in Scotland, the little manuscripts found their way into various families, and the blessing of the Lord accom-

panied their perusal. Many a prayer have they called forth, "Lord, make me to follow him as he followed Christ." In the far distant India this prayer was heard and answered. On the banks of the Sutlej, amid heaps of the slain, a young officer of our army had fallen a victim of war, but ere his eyes were closed in death he said to a brother officer, (alluding to the subject of the manuscript), "Tell my mother, I die in the same hope with him, who left so bright a testimony to the love of Jesus."

Often had the urgent request been made to publish, at least, some of the following papers; many reasons, however, combined to withhold compliance with the request. A strong and natural reluctance to encounter the public gaze, and to exhibit the character of a fondly-cherished child before the uninterested eye of strangers, required an effort of no common kind to overcome. But the fact that many and different copies existed in various quarters; the apprehension that some unauthorised publication might be issued, (something of the kind having actually occurred); the frequent urgency of many be-

loved friends,) not to lose the time when facts could all be distinctly remembered; and, above all, the hope of doing good to the young and rising generation, have prevailed at last to cast the balance in favour of duty, rather than of inclination.

The utmost care has been taken to secure perfect accuracy in every part. The Author has inspected all the original writings, and has had the fullest opportunity, by personal converse with those who knew him best, of verifying every statement contained in the following narrative.

JOHN WOLFE was born in Ireland; he was the only son of the late Major Arthur Wolfe, who was the second son of the late Colonel Wolfe, of Forenaghts, County of Kildare, and Margaret Hamilton, only daughter of James Hamilton, of Dunboyne Castle, County of Meath, Esquire.

He was born on the 14th of May, 1812, and entered into glory the 5th of April, 1829, at the age of seventeen.

ELIZABETH, his only sister, was born the 20th of September, 1813, (one month after her Father's death), and was borne to eternal bliss on the 30th of May, 1821, at the early age of eight years and nine months.

The history of this little girl is of so interesting a nature, and so close was the love that bound the hearts of these two children, that the memorial of the one would appear to be defective without introducing that of the other. A few traits, therefore, of the little Elizabeth, which the hand of affection has fondly preserved, will here be given before entering on the history of the more immediate subject of this memoir. And thus shall be blended together on the same page, the earthly record of these two dear children, whose names were written in the Lamb's book of life ;

“Sweet and lovely were they in their lives,
And in death they were not long divided.”

The following letter, written by the Maternal hand, three years after the death of the son, to a young friend who was drawn "to a clearer light and a more decided Christian walk, by the influence of these precious writings," will serve, with other letters, to shew some particulars of the infant character of these fatherless children, and to prove the faithfulness of a covenant God in supporting and blessing the lonely Parent through her sad bereavements.

"K——, March 30th, 1832.

My Beloved Friend,

- - - - - It is needless for me, after all you have heard of my darling Johnny's love for me, to draw any picture of his never-ceasing endearments; suffice it to say, that he was but fifteen months old, when my widowed heart could bear no other earthly object in its view, consequently, he and his little sister (born one month after that heart-rending period) became my entire care, my soul's absorbing love.

"These sweet infants were very unlike each other in every particular; my baby girl was a

little rosy, laughing, Hebe; her dimple cheek and winning smile, with her bright dark sparkling eye, would chase away many and many a tear; while her darling brother's pensive, dove-like countenance, seemed always seeking shelter in its parent's breast, which ever filled with fears of one nature or another for him. Yet it pleased the Lord to prepare and take from me my little Lizzy first, when she was between eight and nine years of age. Her little history you shall have another time."

This promise, however, does not appear to have been fulfilled, at least in writing. But several years after that period, the following anecdotes of this little girl were written to another friend: and sure we are that those who have studied childhood closely, and who love to trace, in each unfolding bud, the full-blown flower gathered by the Lord, will not deem them unworthy of perusal.

" My dear Friend,

" It is somewhat difficult, after a lapse of years, to recall, with the truth-

fulness which } we both desire, those little traits of infant character, which, though dear to a mother's heart, as they passed before her eye, were, alas! less marked and heeded than they would have been, had even a thought arisen, that her possession of this precious treasure would be so transient. There are, however, days and hours, though long past and gone, which are fixed upon the heart; scenes of life and sacred joy which memory must retain for ever. One such is now before me. When walking in the country, with my sweet children at my side, little Lizzy (who was at this time only three years old) was missing for a moment, and when I turned to look, the dear child was on her knees, in the open road, with streaming eyes and sobbing heart, asking the Lord Jesus Christ to forgive her for having said something that was not exactly true.

“ Another day, too, I often think of with renewed surprise, when this dear child made known to me, that she had actually learned to read, by listening to her brother's lessons, and with the occasional help of a servant! Oh how her eye sparkled with delight! It was the first of May.

She was dressed as Queen of the day, with a garland of flowers thrown round her, and a wreath encircling her head; thus she appeared before me, with a "*secret to disclose*;" while dearest Johnny, as her little loving shepherd, led her forth, with a crook in his hand; and after many attempts, on the part of my dear little girl, to compose her mirthful face, she read the 136th Psalm, with a spirit, life, and energy, most deeply touching.

- - - - -
 - - - - - It is sweet to me to think how this dear child, on Sabbath Evenings, used to carry over the large family Bible to her great grandmama, and ask if she might read the 'Psalms of David,' as she always called them, making remarks and asking questions, as she read aloud, standing all the while on a little stool, not being high enough to bend over the table; and again, on another occasion, when fondling around the neck of an aged relative, she would say, 'Do not talk about money on Sunday,—forget it all,—money is only for this world, but we will live happy or miserable in the next for ever.'

"Though suffering at one period from tooth-

ache, she could not be persuaded to visit the dentist. I promised her a guinea to purchase anything she liked, if she would only take courage and come with me; the temptation proved unsuccessful, till a happy thought came into her head, that with a guinea she could purchase a Bible of her own, "her very own." Instantly she came running to my side, almost breathless with delight, to tell me the wishes of her little heart.

"Oh! how happy was my darling child that day, when she had selected a Bible for herself. She looked at it within and without, shewed it to every one she knew, called it a 'real treasure,' and declared that she would read it 'three times a day,' 'because David did so;'—and truly she kept her word.

"One day, shortly after she got her new bible, she was going to read aloud a chapter that had been selected for her, and just as she was beginning it happened that a young servant girl, who did not always regard truth, entered the room; immediately my dear little Lizzy made a significant waive with her hand to me, and said, 'There

is another that I *must* read.' She then turned immediately to the story of Ananias and Sapphira who were struck dead for having told a lie.

"Often when playing in the garden with her darling brother, she has been overheard entreating him to speak to her about God and heaven, and when he seemed rather to prefer his play, she would coax him in the most endearing manner, and warn him against the 'cunning old serpent' and the 'sinful world.'

"Her attention to a dear relative that was deaf was most beautiful and affecting; she would mount her little stool, get the ear trumpet applied, and read slowly and distinctly whatever she was desired; now and then she would stop to make a remark of her own, often connecting it with some part of a sermon or a sentiment she had read or heard, making it a most interesting scene altogether by the pathos of her voice, and the raising of her little hands, in expressive sympathy with the feelings of her heart.

"Poetry she passionately loved, and loved to act it too. Sometimes it might be of a merry nature, then the little voice would fail from

laughter ; sometimes so entirely the reverse as to set her almost weeping. Often have I watched her tiny form dancing round a beautiful Acacia tree in the garden, singing, perhaps, to the insects on the leaves, sometimes to her favourite lady-bird.

‘ O Lady-bird, Lady-bird, why dost thou roam,
So far from thy comrades, so distant from home ?
Why dost thou, who can revel all day in the air,
Who the sweets of the grove and the garden can share ;
In the fold of a leaf, who can form thee a bower,
And a palace enjoy in the tube of a flower ?

‘ Then fly, simple Lady-bird, fly away home,
No more from your nest and your children to roam.’

“ Her elegance of mind and refined taste in poetry are strikingly marked in her scrap-book, where many little pieces are printed by her own hand, because she could not write. There is not a mere nursery rhyme amongst them ; all seem, at least to me, above the mind of a child then only between five and six years old. I select one as an example, which she made emphatically

her favourite, by adding a sweet expression of her sisterly affection to its sixth line.

TO A SNAKE.

STAY, STAY, THOU LOVELY, FEARFUL SNAKE,
NOR HIDE THEE IN YON DARKSOME BRAKE.
BUT LET ME OFT THY FORM REVIEW,
THY SPARKLING EYES, AND GOLDEN HUE;
FROM THEM A CHAPLET SHALL BE WOVE,
TO GRACE THE YOUTH I DEAREST LOVE,
MY BROTHER.

“Like her darling brother she was full of warm affections, and most tender love, but it was shewn in a different way. His was like the calm deep river, flowing almost silently along, yet in its transparent stillness revealing its rich depths; hers, like the gentle waterfall, broke gladly and soothingly on the pleased ear, in unison with the spirit it addressed.

“Some time after the removal of my darling child from pain to bliss, I found a paper in one of her little toy-boxes containing a very remarkable sketch of her idea of the Judgment day.

The occasion of her drawing it, seemed to be her having had some little difference with her brother. On one side of the paper is a short prayer, imploring God to enable her to keep down all temper displeasing in his sight. On the other side there is a sketch of the judgment. In one corner of the paper is drawn an eye, from which proceed rays of light in every direction, intimating (as may be supposed) the all-seeing eye, and the constant gaze, of the great Judge upon the whole world. Within and upon those rays there is a cross representing the offered mercy of pardon, and the way of access to the Father, by the blood of Jesus. Next there is a hand pointing to a few figures representing the company of the redeemed, with these words added,

**COME TO ME, TO MY FATHER, TO EVERLASTING
PLEASURE PREPARED FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE
WORLD FOR HIS PEOPLE, FOR HIS OWN.**

OH BLESSED WORDS, HAPPY PEOPLE!

Opposite to this picture, there is as it were the same hand, only turned a different way, pointing to a crowd of figures, and the words,

DEPART FROM ME, YE WICKED, 'TO EVERLASTING
FIRE PREPARED FOR THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS.

WHAT THE BAD WILL COME TO!

HOW HORRID!

O LOOK—CHOOSE—EITHER WAYS YOU MUST TAKE—
THINK WHILE YOU ARE IN THE WAY. O DO, O DO,
AND PREPARE FOR THIS OR THE OTHER.

“The paper was folded in two, and on the
outside was printed,

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD,
IN TIME.

LIZZY WOLFE.

“I shall now close my packet by sending you a
copy of a favourite hymn, and also of a little
sermon, which my darling Lizzy wrote at the
request of a near relative, who, playfully taking
her in his arms, told her he must see how she
would attempt composing a sermon, she was
about six years old at this time, and knew
nothing of writing.

I am, yours very sincerely,

M. W.”

A FAVOURITE HYMN.

**SEE ISRAEL'S GENTLE SHEPHERD STAND
WITH ALL-ENGAGING CHARMS,
HARK, HOW HE CALLS THE TENDER LAMBS
AND FOLDS THEM IN HIS ARMS!**

**YE LITTLE BABES, WITH PLEASURE HEAR,
YE CHILDREN, SEEK HIS FACE,
AND FLY WITH TRANSPORT TO RECEIVE
THE BLESSINGS OF HIS GRACE.**

**IF ORPHANS WE ARE LEFT BEHIND,
THY GUARDIAN CARE WE TRUST,
THAT CARE SHALL HEAL OUR BLEEDING HEARTS.
IF WEeping O'ER THEIR DUST.**

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SERMON.

PROVERBS, THE 28 CHAPTER, 1ST VERSE: "THE WICKED FLEETH WHEN NO MAN PURSUETH, BUT THE RIGHTEOUS ARE BOLD AS A LION."

MEN AND BRETHREN, I THUS ADDRESS YOU IN THE HOLY HOUSE OF THE LORD ALMIGHTY, BESEECHING YOU TO LOOK TO THE WORDS OF MY TEXT, REMEMBERING HOW WICKED CAIN KILLED HIS BROTHER ABEL, AND THEN THOUGHT TO HIDE HIMSELF FROM GOD. FOR THE BIBLE IS ALL TRUE AND SAITH, THE WICKED MAN FLEETH WHEN NO MAN PURSUETH: WHICH I MEAN TO EXPLAIN. FIRST, WHEN YOU DO A WICKED ACTION YOU FEEL AS IF YOU WERE PURSUED, THOUGH YOU ARE NOT, FOR YOUR CONSCIENCE STRIKES YOU, AND TELLS YOU, YOU HAVE DONE WRONG. SO I BESEECH YOU, MY DEAR BRETHREN, TO TAKE HEED AGAINST THE DEVIL, WHO GOETH ABOUT LIKE A ROARING LION, SEEKING WHOM HE MAY DEVOUR. SECONDLY, BUT ON THE CONTRARY, THE RIGHTEOUS ARE BOLD AS A LION, THEY ARE OFTEN PURSUED, BUT THEIR LORD UPHOLDS THEM. BUT HERE I WILL CONCLUDE, HOPING YOU WILL REMEMBER MY WORDS, AND MY DEAR BRETHREN, LIVE IN PEACE, THROUGH THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, TILL WE MEET AGAIN IN HIS HOLY HOUSE. AMEN. AMEN.

The work of grace was early begun in the heart of this dear child; and to the Lord alone is all the glory due. Out of the "mouth of babes," it is the prerogative of the Most High to perfect praise. From first to last it is all His work. When the top-stone of the building is brought forth, it shall be with shoutings of "Grace, grace, unto it."

The Good Shepherd had met with this little Lamb in the wilderness of this world, and He had Himself brought her into His fold. So far as man could judge, there was no human instrumentality employed. The child had grown up both loved and valued with all the warmth of a mother's heart; "but," that mother herself writes, "the necessity was not then felt for yearning over her precious and undying soul. Although living in close retirement, apart from the whole world, in deep and widowed affliction, I rested in the form of religion, without seeking its sanctifying influences on the heart, and loved my sweet little girl more for her outward attractions than the hidden ones of the heart."

The chief opportunity which this infant

Christian appears to have enjoyed of hearing "the truth as it is in Jesus" faithfully declared from the pulpit, was in occasionally attending the ministry of the late Rev. B. Mathias, at Bethesda Chapel, in Dublin. There the deep and earnest attention with which she listened, attracted the observation of many of her friends; and, doubtless, by the blessing of God, her views of divine truth became more expanded and matured than they would otherwise have been without this scriptural ministry. But long before the little Elizabeth had heard that man of God, she had proved herself to be a practical Christian, a sin-hating and God-fearing child, whose conscience was made alive under the quickening influence of the Spirit of grace.

Nature and grace are two very distinct things. The fond eye of parents too often mistakes the one for the other. The partial feelings of relatives and friends do not allow them to distinguish clearly their different workings. And young persons themselves are herein greatly deceived at times in their estimate of themselves.

A sweet and gentle temper, a calm and even

disposition, induce many to conceive that their nature is not so depraved, so liable to sin, as that of others. The silvery surface of their lake-like lives, beguiles their belief that the depth of corruption is lying underneath. Their time of trial may not be yet. The fancied innocency of their childhood has not yet reached its testing point. Their storm of trial may be to come in youth or manhood. Then, when clouds of sin gather, and gusts of various passions arise, soon their glassy clearness is darkened, their mirrored calm is broken, and their hitherto limpid waters heave with turbid waves, which cast up mire and dirt commingled with their every drop.

Yes, amiable, and lovely, and innocent, as we may appear in childhood to the fallible eye of man, the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit is absolutely necessary before we can appear so to the unerring eye of God. We are all born sinners: and to become righteous we must all be born again. Our nature is corrupt, and to be freed from its corruption a new nature must be given to us. Thus saith the Lord, "A new

heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

This great Scriptural truth was indelibly impressed on the hearts of these two young children, not by human teaching but by the Lord Himself, through the instructions of His own word, and the enlightenings of His own Spirit. The earnest and decided testimony of one of them to this truth was thus given in a farewell letter to a near and beloved relative: "I have heard you say that my heart, and the heart of my dear Mama, were good, and that we might look up to heaven for the reward of our works. Now I bless God that this is not the case; for if I looked for my reward, I dare not turn my eyes even to the footstool of His throne. No: my heart, her heart, and the heart of every living soul, is desperately wicked in the eyes of God. And those who think otherwise than what God has in His Bible said, only shew how ignorant they are."

Long, however, before the mind of this youth was thus enlightened to discern the difference between nature and grace, his little sister had

borne her unflinching testimony to the same truth. When addressed in the language, which some fond parent's use, "my angel child," she instantly replied, "Ah! don't say angel to me! I don't think that ought to be said to anybody on earth." The word of God was thus her inallible teacher, as well as her beloved companion. From the moment that she could read, she was observed to retire by herself, and as often as she was discovered, the Blessed Bible was found open before her, and her eye intently fixed upon its sacred page. With increase of years this practice grew into the settled custom and habit of her life, and nothing could tempt her to forget her stated hours of retirement. She would carefully deposit the Treasury of Truth under her pillow for the night, and seldom was it far from her during the day: often in her tiny hand even when busy amid her childish plays. And thus she learned to distinguish between her state by nature as a lost sinner, and her state by grace as an accepted believer, renewed and saved by the Spirit, and the righteousness of Jesus Christ.

In the summer of 1818 it was considered neces-

sary, for the health of the children, that change of air should be sought, and a beautiful spot in the County of Wicklow was selected for them. The little dear ones felt all the delights of liberty which the country afforded after a town residence. Now they would love to play under the shade of the dark elm grove, where the wild flowers grew in great profusion, not far distant from the cottage ; again they would attempt to climb the rocks, where the goats, with their little kids, were sporting round them ; or again, when the feeble limbs of dearest John proved unequal to a more active walk, he would turn round with a gentle sigh, and say, " Come, Sister, to the pretty sheep," (that were feeding peacefully on the lawn.) " We will try if they will eat these nice sweet flowers."

The little Lizzy was ever ready to follow his footsteps, and when she saw him wearied, and looking round for the parental arm to sustain him, she would attentively call for it, ere she ceased to afford her own tiny assistance. The scene was often a touching one. On the one side was seen the fair form of the little Lizzy, with the

innocent lambs, around her, and on the other sat the drooping figure of the beauteous boy, resting on the bosom of his mother. Many a thought of sadness crossed the brow of the latter, as she looked upon each child, and remembered that they were but loans from the Lord, whose gracious will it might soon be to recall them both. The big tear fell from her eye on the arm of the sufferer, who looked up with an eye of inquiring pity, while he gently and silently wiped it away. Then came the merry little Lizzy with a wild flower in her hand, and a large bee on the flower passing from blossom to blossom, "See, Johnny," exclaimed the little creature, "see how the bee sips sweets from every flower! so ought we to choose the good and leave the bad behind."

In the spring of the year 1821, when this little girl was about seven and a half years old, it pleased God to visit her with severe and protracted sickness, but no record of it remains. The remembrance, however, has never been lost of her meek and patient spirit in the midst of suffering; and of the peace of God, passing all

understanding, which kept her heart and mind through Christ Jesus. A whole twelve-month of weakness ensued, for she did not regain her usual strength. Maternal forebodings arose, many and strong. The thought that her youngest beloved might very soon be taken from her, presented itself to her sorrowing spirit; and that in the depth of her dreaded affliction, she might possess some sweet memorials to console her, she began to pencil down the following memorandums, little knowing the treasures of divine grace which she was afterwards to discover in them, when brought herself to the knowledge of the same Saviour, who had, unknown to her, thus prepared her beloved child to dwell with Him for ever.

“April 29th, 1822.

When it pleases the Almighty to call my beloved child to realms of eternal bliss, it will be pleasant and comfortable to me, her afflicted mother, to have, on paper, some of the ideas of so heavenly-minded a child. Many of her blessed little sayings, though they will be en-

graven on my heart, I shall still like to peruse again and again, and call to remembrance the pathos of each uttered sentiment."

"On the 25th of April, when I was going to bed, my darling said to me, 'Mama, do you remember all the misery you suffered this time last year, when you thought I should not recover from my illness? I think you were better prepared to part with me then than you seem now.'

'Why do you think so, my dear Lizzy? I was very miserable then.'

'Yes, I know you were, yet I wish I had died then.'

'Oh, my love, why do you talk so.'

'Because, Mama, I have been half dying ever since. I have been the greatest trouble to you, and I don't think I have enjoyed myself as I used to do. I am not very happy here. Altogether I cannot help thinking, except for my very great love to you and Johnny, and some more friends, I would like to be *at home*.'

'Tell me, my darling, what you mean by speaking of *home*?'

"I will, Mama, if it won't make you melan-

choly to speak of death,—After all, you know, the sting of death is *sin*. If I die now, I think I will go home to God Almighty, my Blessed Saviour, and dear Papa; because, though I have often sinned, yet being so little, I may better expect forgiveness than if I lived a long long time in this world. Nobody can tell how much bad temptation I might meet with, and could not resist; for God Almighty sometimes lets the devil tempt people, to see what they will do, and sends people misfortunes, to see how they will bear them, or may be as an example to others; for He knows the whole time what they will do. But, dear Mama, I am tired talking now. Don't let me see you fretting. Give me another kiss, and than pray for me while I go to sleep, and for Johnny too.'

'A few days after, while sleeping in the drawing room on the sofa, she suddenly awoke saying, 'Mama, I will leave you my Bible, it will comfort you when nothing else will. Don't move my mark, as I may read more; but if I don't, you and Johnny can go on; and I expect you won't forget the story I told you about the woman that

lost her husband, and mourned like one that had no hope; she shut herself up, and made herself so miserable; and at last, though she had many good and kind friends, they very naturally (as, I am sure, everybody would) got so tired of her, that when she died, instead of having a tear shed for her memory, everybody felt rather happy. She ought to have let people comfort her, and comfort herself. But because God Almighty deprived her of one blessing, she deprived herself of every other blessing, and deprived the poor of many comforts she might have given them, never thinking we were all sent to do some good, and that there is nothing so very distressing in death. When we all so well know it must come at last, I wonder people are so surprised at it.'

"Again, my little darling said to me, that 'she thought perhaps she was *not* going to leave me, when she considered how God Almighty recovered her last year; and that she could not see why she should recover at that time if it were only to stay one year more with me. But then, dear Mama, there is no use in thinking that way;

for we can't think or see the use of what is really most useful to us ; so (smiling, and shaking her little head) we may as well not be puzzling our brains about such matters: for *God's will must be done*, so that ends every story.'

' But, dear Mama, I would never wish you to part with my baby. It is curious how *very* fond I am of her, tho' I know she cannot fret after me ; but, sure you won't part with her ?'

' No, my angel child, I won't.'

' Ah ! don't say 'angel' to me. I don't think that ought to be said to anybody on earth. Angels live in heaven. How happy it would make me if I thought dear Papa would be the first angel that would come to meet me. Won't you always keep his picture safe ? I would like to see it to-morrow.'

" At another time, when she was speaking of Miss Smith's fragments, she expressed her surprise that when she was dying, she had herself dressed as a bride to meet her Saviour ; ' Rather,' said my sweet child, ' if I was old enough, would I dress like a virgin, to kneel at the feet of Jesus.'

“ Again, she asked me to bring down all her little baby things, telling me of all the presents that had been given her, and how pleasant it was to have such good friends.

‘ I think I would like to give my little doll to my dear A. I was going to give her my other baby, but now I won’t. I remember the the day you promised to buy it for me, I was not as good as I wished to be. After Grandmama telling me never to take the best of anything at table, I took the best peach ; you were in Dublin at the time, and I could not explain to her, that really it was for want of thought, but I would like to tell her now.’

“ On the 17th of May, when I received a letter from her uncle R. W., she inquired very anxiously how long her aunts would take to come home, and drew a little picture of the meeting, which she called ‘the joyful meeting.’ That night she whispered to me, that if she was not here to see the coral necklace aunt W. was bringing her home, to thank her for it, and to put it on her baby ; ‘ Tell her I remember her quite well in my mind, though I would not know her or

aunt Bess if I saw them; yet I remember a great deal about them, and how uncle R. sung, the night we came from the Chief Justice's; and then she tried to sing, but, shaking her little head, she said, that her voice was gone, and that she feared her fingers would be too weak to play for Aunt W. the long lessons she had learned, to surprise her, on the piano, but that she hoped she would not forget her French, as she smilingly observed, 'if her tongue would not be too weak to speak it.'

"Shortly after this she told me she could say no more prayers. Though she often thought of God Almighty, still she could not pray. 'So, dear Mama, I will trust you to pray for me, and I hope Johnny will, and that he will never forget all we used to say together, when he was ill at Rathmines, about God, and our Saviour. I liked very much the way he spoke then, but I have not heard him lately; 'God bless Johnny, and bless dear Mama, are the last words I say every night, and the first I say every morning.'

'My poor Mama, you think I am suffering great pain; you think I am afraid to die, but I

am not ; God has shown me the way to die. My Saviour suffered, and had no kind friend to hand Him even a cup of milk. Oh ! think of Him, never forget Him, and you will never do much wrong.'

'Will Johnny go to School? Who will sleep beside you then? Will he meet bad boys there? Where will my poor Mama live? Sure she wont fret much? I wish she had some one to be always talking to, but I know she will amuse herself, and try to please God. Won't you? Just say that you will.'

Saturday, May, 25."

"Dear Mama, be quick up from dinner, and do not be surprised if I am dead before morning. My breathing feels—as if it would stop. Are you willing—and ready—to part me,—that I may go—to my Saviour?—Then I may expect from your answer,—that you will not fret—too much after me. But do not forget—that you once had a child. Take my Bible, and always remember it was mine. It will comfort you when nothing else will. Do

little children—ever receive the, Sacrament? I would like to do all that God expects me. Bury me—with dear Papa. I think I will be called to-night. Give my love—to all my friends. Poor aunt W., when she comes home,—and finds me gone! Oh, my darling Johnny, (raising her little hands and eyes to heaven,) my dear, dear, brother. Tell him—to take care of you. Tell him it is my *parting wish*, to take care of you. Where is aunt H.? I would like them all to see me go. Charlotte, (who was present,) did you tell her that I am dying? Do go and give her a notice of it. Will it be much pain to die? Oh, if it would come when I am asleep, may be it might take me in your arms. I am getting very cold and tired. Oh, take me in your arms.'

"Yes, my beloved child, I took thee in my arms. I knew it would be the last time; and oh, can I ever forget the cold chill of death that came from thy little frame to my heart!

Four days she had yet to wait the call of the Almighty, but she spoke no more. She was restless to a painful degree, and seemed to awake

from every sleep vexed and disappointed at finding herself still in the world. She sometimes whispering said, that God had forsaken her, but did not like me either to speak to her or to look at her, or to touch her, till the last moment arrived,—when, with two piercing sighs, she called very loud on my name, made one effort to throw her little arms around my neck; her head sank on my shoulder, and there, even there, her pure and gentle spirit took its flight to heaven. Farewell, my child,—who dare regret thee?"

“ *May 31st, 1822.*”

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CHAPTER II.



THE little Lizzy is gone !
She has bid farewell to
earth. The sweet sound of
her voice is hushed in solemn
silence. The Saviour has called her "home;"
and a veil of shrouding mystery to the natural
eye is now drawn between the living and the
dead. With her, all is brightness; but ah!
how different with those she left behind ! There
was a pang, a want, a blank, in every thing,
which could not be filled.

Her little toys and books were all gathered
and laid aside from view, ere the mourning
mother left the sad apartment from which the

spirit of her loved one fled,—but there was a pang in that. Her work, and every chair around the house wherein she used to sit and play, were carefully removed,—but there was a pang in that. The garden of her little Lizzy alone remained untouched, some friendly hand had removed the weeds, the flowers, however, grew and blossomed as fresh, as gay as ever,—but there was a pang in that.

Sad and cheerless days passed on, and the mother's heart yearned to behold her only remaining child, her beloved boy. He had been removed, by order of the Physicians, from his little sister, some weeks before her death, to the house of his dear Grandmama. There he was fondly cared for and cherished; his grief watched over, and every needed solace given.

But there was another spot on which he wished to be;—another heart with whom he sought to mourn;—and nothing but the most refined feeling had kept him from rushing to his mother's arms,—from laying his head on her sorrowful bosom, and there sobbing out the troubles of his soul.

The very first moment therefore that he could, he took an opportunity of sending a message, by a faithful servant, of so earnest and affecting a nature, that she who carried it could scarcely deliver it for tears. It was this,—to tell his mother that he “would have flown to her long since, had he not feared that the sight of him, without the little companion that was ever at his side, would break her heart altogether.” The one encouraging word “Come” was all he asked for. Quickly was that word spoken; and soon was this tender-hearted child folded to the sorrowing bosom of his beloved mother.

Those who really know what sorrow is, will readily conceive that no words can describe, nor tongue declare, the heart sinking anguish that pierces the inmost soul, when we are gazing at the vacant chair, or treading in the footsteps lately trod by those who made our life happy. We look in vacancy at the same objects they looked upon; and we walk in silence amid their loved retreats, now robbed of every charm. Here a rose-bush,—there a bower,—seem lonely and deserted. The very birds hop down in search

of their accustomed food, but fly disappointed away, for cold was the little hand that fed them!

The sorrow of the heart lies oft too deep for utterance. So felt this poor parent and her now lonely child. The starting tear, as they looked upon each other, spoke to the eye the name of "Lizzy," but its sound was never heard. Her books were never looked at,—her toys were never touched. A new train of thought seemed to be opening in the mind of John. A new motive took possession of his breast. Perhaps it was in answer to the little Lizzy's parting wish, to her last dying message, "tell him to take care of you," for his mother formed, from that hour, his first, his last, his only care.

One instance may suffice, out of many, to shew his watchful love in sparing her every pain he could avert. To preserve his health it was ordered that he should resume his usual rides, under the charge of a faithful servant. Greatly to the surprise of the latter, he requested that the leading rein should again be attached to the pony's bridle, and when the man inquired if he was getting cowardly, he meekly

replied, "Oh! no, but I think it will make Mama happier." The servant was so struck with the reply, and with the tone and manner in which it was spoken, that he determined to convey it to his mother's ear, that he might cheer her heart, and excite her to exertion for the sake of her affectionate child.

In the succeeding autumn, after the death of little Lizzy, it was considered right that John should be sent to a school, which stood high in reputation, in the County of Wicklow. It was early in the month of September when he was entered there; and under other circumstances he might have been truly happy, but situated as he had been, he now felt himself alone. No amusement chased from his heart the keen remembrance of the past. His spirit turned for comfort to the word of God, and every letter he wrote home was filled with remarks and questions on various parts of Scripture.

Amongst his school-fellows, whom he liked and loved as friends, were two brothers, whose mother died shortly after the birth of the younger. Their spirits were somewhat similar

to his own. Sorrow had touched their hearts also, and a pious aunt had led them to the word of God for consolation and relief. These three dear children, kindred in spirit, sought for themselves, amongst the rocks, a place for retirement and prayer. Thither they frequently resorted at the hour for play, and there, wrote John in a letter to his mother, "I hear such nice prayers *without* a book, for these boys have learned to pray from their aunt. Oh! how I wish I could do the same."

After the first examination, he stated in one of his letters how pleasant it was to hear Mr. D. explain the scriptures, and ask questions from the Bible. "I should have liked it very much, only it was not pleasant to see every one answering before me. Dear Mama, you know I am not quick at learning, but very slow, and take a long time to get out my thoughts; judge, then, my astonishment, after the prizes were given away, to hear my name called out, and Mr. D. take me by the hand and say, "Here is a book for you, my dear little boy, not for your good answering, but for your very great attention." The book he

gave me is called "Michael Kemp, the happy farmer's boy." "

When this dear boy had been some months at school, it pleased God to visit him with a long fit of illness. By some unaccountable delay, arising from cross posts, the letter did not reach its destination till two others arrived with it. The snow was deep on the ground at the time, and altogether there was a sad delay, and dreadful anxiety of mind both to parent and child. He often spoke of this trial afterwards, as having proved a most profitable exercise to his soul, though exquisitely painful. He often thought that the spirit of his little sister was watching over him, and warning him against "the world, the flesh, and the devil." Many past conversations were brought to his mind, as he lay in sad anxiety to hear some tidings of the approach of his mother; little supposing that she might be still ignorant of all that he was suffering.

On her arrival she found him very ill indeed, but permission was granted, by the Physician who accompanied her, to wrap him up warmly and at once to convey him home. His spirits were

much depressed, and a melancholy tone of thought and feeling appeared in all that he said and did. After a few weeks of careful nursing, he recovered, by the Lord's blessing, from this attack, and was able to return to school. A short time, however, had only elapsed, when symptoms of the same low fever appeared, and Doctor C. gave it as his opinion, that he could not, with safety to his health, continue there, or be again removed from under his mother's care.

The effect of this second attack did not wear away as quickly as it was hoped. The death of his Grandmama, to whom he was greatly attached, occurred when he was in this feeble state, and his two kind Physicians, Doctors C. and L., who took a deep interest in all that concerned him, thought it would be most beneficial in every way, that a change of scene and climate should be tried for the restoration of his health.

Accordingly a visit to England was agreed upon, and in the month of August, 1824, they left "dear Ireland," reached the Bristol Channel in safety, and sailed up the river Avon, quite enchanted with the beauty of the surrounding

scenery. The party consisted of Mrs. Wolfe, her son, a governess, and a man-servant, with the little favourite pony. They took up their first quarters at Clifton, and great was the animation of John, inspired by these new and pleasant scenes. After seeing his pony settled to his mind, he sought for the apartment of his Mama, that he might unbosom to her all the love and gratitude that glowed within his breast. His whole countenance beamed with the ardour of his filial affection, and coming up to the sofa, where her aching head was rested, he said, "Mama, I feel in my very heart the love you have shewn me this day; you have left your country, your home, your friends, your all, for me; and now, from this hour, I shall devote myself, my life, to you. Only just promise you will tell me what you wish, and see if I won't do it."

Very much passed on this happy evening, and it was arranged how he was to be the little master of the house, and how all their various matters were eventually to be settled. He put his mother in remembrance that procrastination was his besetting sin; and he added, that he had requested

his Grandmama to buy him a watch, that he might be admonished to overcome this failing. "Now," said he, "I hope you will see me keeping time with my watch, which I love so dearly for her sake."

In the neighbourhood of Clifton a beautiful cottage was taken for a month, and there John regained a small measure of health, which he immediately sought to occupy in his Divine Master's service. There was not then any Sunday School in the village, except a small one, which the owner of the cottage had commenced. For want of a room, the children were assembled by him underneath his window, every Sabbath morning; and there John took a class, and became extremely interested in his little pupils. The last evening of his sojourn there he invited the children to tea, on the grass plot before the door; and on this interesting occasion he summoned courage to give out a hymn, to say grace aloud, and to return thanks at parting.

On the following morning every thing was ready for a journey to Torquay; and there the party arrived in the month of September, 1824,

and remained till the spring of the following year. The winter proved extremely damp and unfavourable for the recovery of the dear invalid. He did not appear to gain strength, and as soon as the season permitted, change of air was sought at Exeter, and eventually at Exmouth, the air of which was thought to be more dry and bracing.

Accordingly a house was taken on the Beacon Hill; and there, by the blessing of God, he revived amazingly, and almost daily regained the strength which he had lost.

Bright were the hopes which returning health awakened, and not without grounds was the fond expectation cherished, that a prolonged residence at Exmouth might lead to permanent recovery. With this view another house was taken, and one happy week passed on after another, while every suitable arrangement was being made. At last the day came on which they were to take possession, and John proposed to ask the blessing of God upon their new dwelling. He called the study his "Little Bethel," and there did he and his mother kneel

down, to consecrate their habitation unto God by fervent prayer.

Blessed sight, to behold a family fearing God, and lying down, for the first night, in their new abode, under the Almighty protection ! Oh, that every dwelling were taken possession of in this sacred manner ! Would that every professing Christian thus acknowledged God, and paid all the fealty due to the Lord and owner of his habitation !

The blessing of their heavenly Father, which had been supplicated, was not asked in vain. Health and happiness was granted to all. John's bodily strength was wonderfully increased; and, above all, a degree of spiritual health was vouchsafed to his soul, which, from this time, waxed stronger and stronger throughout the whole period of his life. The fallow ground of his heart had indeed been broken up before. Amid the mists and darkness of his nature, there had been the beamings of the light of grace. It was, however, in that consecrated dwelling that the Spirit of the Lord first, powerfully and manifestly, led him unto Jesus. There it was, that

his pious and devoted tutor unfolded to his view the glorious doctrines of the gospel, and explained the amazing scheme of man's redemption, by the blood and righteousness of the Son of God.

A short journal, dated "April, 1825," affords a few brief evidences of his desire after scriptural knowledge. "I went out to walk with Miss F., and began to talk about the 128th Psalm. She thought that most beautiful. We then proceeded to talk of other subjects: the 11th of Revelations,—the 'two witnesses' are the Church on earth and the Bible. They shall be cast down for a time, and then, again, shall rise in the beauty of Christ. This is to come still, chapter xii., 'a woman clothed in the sun,'—the woman is the Church, and the sun is Christ,—the male child is the people of God,—the red Dragon is the Devil." The rest of the book is filled with notes from sermons.

This period of his life cannot be passed over without recording a very trying situation in which he was placed, and the decided step, on the Lord's side, which he was enabled, by the Spirit of God, to take; from which hour we can look back and

trace the signal mercies that followed him ever after.

Being the only child of that branch of his father's family, his relatives, who regarded him as their successor, might well expect to have their wishes complied with as to the mode of his education, in which they had always taken the deepest interest. The plan which they marked out for him, however, did not exactly accord either with his own or his mother's views. Had distance not prevented a full interchange of sentiment, it is most likely that all parties would have agreed, as the sequel shewed. But, so it happened, that through a misunderstanding of each other's wishes, it appeared as if no other but a worldly education would be thought necessary to fit him for that important sphere in which he was expected to move at a future period.

A choice, therefore, lay before him. He was then just fourteen years of age. He knew what bright earthly prospects were open before him. And at this age, and under these temptations, a most important letter arrived; the answer to which would materially affect his whole future

life. In three days that answer must be sent. During the first two days he was very thoughtful,—the third was the Sabbath of the Lord, and a deep solemnity, bordering on sadness, was visible in his every look and feature as he entered the house of God.

The sermon was taken from a most remarkable and appropriate text,—Heb. xi. 25., “Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.” When this passage of scripture was announced, a beam of light irradiated his countenance, the colour rose to his cheek, flashing with more than earthly intelligence; and a significant glance from his eye plainly told that the words spoken were received as a message from the Lord to himself, and that the thought was rapture to his soul.

It needs a “pencil dipped in the loveliest hues of heaven’s own colours” to paint the blessedness of this sacred moment, when the small still voice of the Spirit, by the word, thus broke upon his inward ear, softly but powerfully inspiring a holy resolution. It was a moment marked in time and

in eternity, a never-to-be-forgotten day, enhanced by the blessed assurance that the Great Shepherd of the sheep identifies Himself with all the anxieties and solitudes of His purchased flock, and to the weakest lamb imparts every needful

The evening text seemed to be a continuation of the Lord's message to him;—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."—Mat. vi. 33. Thus, the token of adopting love was sealed, through the channel of the "unsearchable riches of Christ;" and from that day he could look up with confidence and cry "Abba, Father."

Mutual conference between the mother and the son strengthened their mutual resolutions. They determined to seek the approbation of God before the favour of man. And on the following morning, this God-fearing youth requested his mother to write for him the important answer, most of the words and sentiments of which he dictated himself. Before a reply could be received, several days of anxious expectation must elapse; but the Lord fulfilled his own gracious promise,—“them

that honour me I will honour." His blessing so accompanied the faithful letter, that an answer was returned full of affection, and containing the desired permission for his education to be conducted as they considered best. In some months afterwards also, when his relatives visited Exmouth, they testified their approbation of the course that had been pursued, and expressed themselves delighted with their young friend in every possible way.

His studies went on steadily and successfully; each day and hour had their appointed succession of employment, and the twofold advantage of bodily health and of mental improvement were steadily kept in view. From a brief entry in his little journal, we may form a correct idea of his usual habits of life, and of the manner in which his time was daily occupied. The account of one week will shew how others were passed.

"J. W. spent the hours of the last week as follows:—Rose at 7,—half an hour writing,—half an hour with my pony,—half an hour teaching little Joe,*—half an hour at my lessons, private prayers, breakfast, family prayers,—done at 11.

Lessons till 12,—out till 3,—dinner,—lessons till 7,—half an hour with my pony,—supper at 8,—from that till nine with little Joe,*—prayers, bed,—Before breakfast I have my own prayers."

On reading the above extract from the journal, we cannot fail to be struck with the simplicity of the concluding remark. It conveys an important lesson. It shows us what great value he attached to his "own prayers." Private prayer was regarded by him as a sacred duty. He made its discharge a matter of conscience. He was not content to merge his private devotions in the public service of the family. On the contrary, he diligently sought the favour of God in both. He was a child given to prayer. When but eleven years of age, his mother found a small

* It is interesting to state, that the "little Joe" here mentioned, had been engaged at Exeter as a helper in the stable, and was, consequently, left behind when the family removed to Exmouth. But so attached had he become to his "kind young master" that he would not remain behind, but ran away, in a day or two, from his parents, and suddenly presented himself at Exmouth, entreating to be taken into his service again.

card in his pocket, on which was written the following most beautiful little prayer:—

“Blessed Jesus, I come to Thee, a poor, weak, tender creature; but it was in regard to such weakness that Thou has been pleased to speak so graciously. I *believe* what I have heard, and I mean to venture my soul upon it. I flee to Thee as the helpless lamb to its shepherd.

J. WOLFE, 1825.”

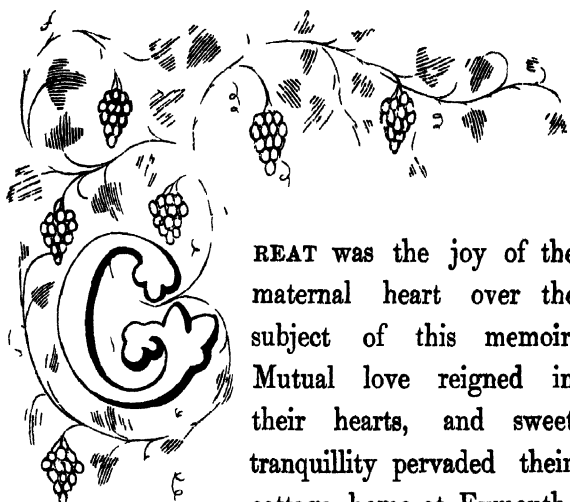
May every reader, and especially every youthful reader, of this prayer, be enabled to adopt it from the heart. May they believe the gracious promises which they have heard out of God's holy word. May they resolve to venture their souls upon His faithful sayings. And may each of them flee to Him as a helpless lamb to its shepherd !

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CHAPTER III



REAT was the joy of the maternal heart over the subject of this memoir. Mutual love reigned in their hearts, and sweet tranquillity pervaded their cottage home at Exmouth.

The love of God, manifested in Christ Jesus, had not been fully known to them before; but now the purest delight sprang from its reception, and formed a little heaven within them.

Those, in whose memory lives this dearly loved youth, will recal the glowing animation with which he was wont to speak of the wonderful works of God. They will remember the heavenly peace which sat upon that calm sweet brow of snowy whiteness; the tender spirit of love which beamed from that soft hazel eye of exquisite sensibility; and the touching smile which played around that ruby lip, imparting such an angelic sweetness to his beautiful features as can never be described nor forgotten.

Yes, it was love, — the first-love of the Spirit, — that filled the depths of that soft thoughtful eye, and imparted its own dove-like expression to that intelligent countenance. It was love, like the light of the morning, undimmed by the mists of earthly anxieties, and unshaded by the clouds of mere worldly sorrow, that shed such a halo around his brightening path of life, increasing more and more unto the perfect day.

It was love, too, which enabled this young disciple to comprehend, with all saints, the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know

the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge. Ephes. iii. 18, 19. Beneath its cheering beams, his mind unfolded rapidly to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. Many little books, which indicate his growth in grace and knowledge, were now compiled, and tendered as offerings of filial affection. One is here inserted, and a few extracts from others will be found in the Appendix, to shew the turn of his mind, and how deeply he reflected on the subject of religion.

A Birth-Day Gift,

ADDRESSED

TO A MOTHER.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES
 CONTAIN
 A FEW THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS
 DEDICATED TO
 MY DEAR MAMA.

Humility.

O LORD, this the chief of Christian graces we want, we that are the very basest of all things by our own sinfulness, want this *grace*, yea, this *grace*, (the only thing good we might *think* ourselves to have, because we have such numerous reasons for humility). O that we may never lose sight of the one thing needful, pressing forward to the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

And O that we may at last obtain that prize which fadeth not away in the using: for His sake, who died to save a world.

REFLECTION.

HUMILITY. All, or, almost all, Christian graces are contained in this word "Humility." and we ought, indeed, to cultivate this great grace, humility,—Christian humility and true charity, which is the ornament of a true Christian. O that we may be known at the last day by that mark, and then we will praise God.

A Living Faith.

O God, our God, we pray Thee to quicken us, though we may be dead in trespasses and sins, yet, do Thou but say "Live," and we shall live. Lord, we believe, help thou our unbelief, but, we cannot of ourselves have a living faith, therefore, as we are here dead, put life into us, and then shall we have a living faith; for, as it is necessary that a man have life before he is man, so is it necessary that a true Christian should have a living faith, or else he is no follower of God.

O may we never lack that life, which is the one thing needful.

REFLECTION.

HAPPY, yea, truly happy the man, beyond description, that thus lives; lives a twofold life, a spiritual and a bodily life. But when such an one is disencumbered of his bodily life, his spirit will mount on high to dwell with Christ in the bosom of the Father for ever.

O may this be our happy lot, my dear Mother, and to this end may we use aright the talents committed to our charge.

, Patience.

O 'tis a grace divine,
 Sent by the God of power and love,
 That leans upon its Father's hand,
 As through the wilderness we move.
 By patience we serenely bear
 The troubles of our mortal state,
 And wait contented our discharge,
 Nor think our glories come too late.

ALMIGHTY TRINITY, I humbly come before Thy throne begging that my dearest Mama and I may be richly endowed with this blessing, Patience, whenever we have reason to exercise it; but now (Glory be to Thee) we are in such comfort that instead of patience under trials, we want grace to keep our minds from wandering from Thee. O may we never leave Thee for those things which savour not of Thee, but pardon any of our backslidings, that nothing may come between Thee and us, between our rest and ourselves. O grant us what is best, and not only us but our relations, friends, (enemies if we have any) and mankind in general, for Christ's sake. Amen.

On Saving Faith.

REFLECTION

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”—Acts xvi. 31.

This is the first and the last step to heaven; but the word “believe” includes all *necessary* things, as consequences of true faith, which faith St. Paul fully explains.

It includes, then, first, repentance not to be repented of, this, indeed, must be before we can be saved. O that we did more often repent of our manifold sins, that we did keep “the hope of eternal life” more before our eyes, then, surely, our lives would be more holy, just, and pure.

And, secondly, “Faith unfeigned,” this the word belief includes, indeed they are the same. These we must make it our first business to have, viz., repentance not to be repented of, and “faith unfeigned.” But, also, as there are two things we *must* have to be saved, so one leading a Christian life, must cultivate Christian graces and duties, “in hope of eternal life, which God, who cannot lie, hath promised before the world began.”

On Christ's Humiliation.

REFLECTION.

"Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate."—HEB. XIII. 12.

O what tongue can express, or what pen write, the love, the anguish, and humility of our Saviour ! we can hardly imagine it ; but, when we do think of it as well as we can, if we have any gratitude, any love to Him who loved us first, and died for our redemption, and, also, rose from the dead for our justification, would we not only say, "let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach : for here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come," but do it. "Through him may we offer prayers and praises continually," but, in prayer and devotion, let us not swallow up practice, "to do good and to communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

Lastly, FOR MAMA ; "now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead the Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the Sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant ; make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you everything well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ : to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

Christian Warfare,

REFLECTION.

'Let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for an helmet, the hope of salvation.'—THESS. v. 8.

The true Christian may be justly compared to a good soldier; we that wish to be then true Christian soldiers might draw a comparison between the conduct of a soldier, for they "are wiser in their generation than the children of light." He goes not out to battle without his sword, his breastplate, or his helmet, he looks well to this before he meets his enemy. And how is it with us? are our enemies less formidable, less crafty, less watchful than his, that we seldom think to arm ourselves?

We too often lie sleeping when the enemy is not only breaking into our houses, as it were, but into our very hearts. O that we did but keep as good a watch at our hearts as the fleshly soldier does at his tent! Also, his enemies are not *always* watching at hand, yet *he* keeps himself prepared in comparison to Christian soldiers. But the soldier of God has to contend with enemies ever near, yes, in his own heart and about his path; then he has God for his help in trouble. O then that we would trust in God more, and pray that He

would quicken his servants and enable them "to obtain salvation through our Lor' Jesus Christ," "who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep we should live together with him." Let us then "rejoice evermore," and as we so often neglect our duty let us "pray without ceasing," that we may be enabled to do the will of God.

On Praise.

REFLECTION.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."—PSALM CIII. 1.

The blessings of God are indeed wonderful to us miserable sinners, and we should bless Him with all our souls; His benefits are innumerable; but above all should not our souls bless Him who "forgiveth all our iniquities: who healeth all our diseases: who redeemeth our life from destruction, who crowneth us with lovingkindness and tender mercies?" O should not our souls bless the God that doeth all this! Yes! "Bless the Lord, O my soul," for he hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." Truly, O God, thou hast not dealt with us according to our sins, or we should, e'er this, have been in the bottomless pit.

“Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.” And God hath not only told us by his prophets that he is merciful and gracious ; slow to anger and of great goodness ; but has shewn us how he loveth us, in that He sent His Son, His only Son ; the Lord of life and glory, Prince of peace, down to this sinful world, to declare the way of, and to make a way for, salvation : here is Love, Mercy and Peace. Although He did all this, yet we too often sin against Him. Still He pitieth as a FATHER, “for He remembereth our frame, He knoweth we are but dust,” and where sin aboundeth much, He maketh grace to abound much more.

We have provoked Him to anger, and our very prayers have been an abomination unto Him. We have profaned His Sabbath and neglected to reverence His name ; but ” the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, upon them that fear Him.” Then will I say, “Bless the Lord ye His angels that excel in strength ; hearkening unto the voice of His word. Bless ye the Lord all ye His hosts, ye ministers of His that do His pleasure ; Bless the Lord all ye His works, in all places of His dominions.”

Charity.

O THOU that art charity, (or, love,) we beseech Thee to give us a true principle of charity; grant that as Thou art charity, so we may have charity, which is the chief grace of a true Christian. O be pleased largely to pour out the spirit of charity on my dear Mama, O may she ever be an object of Thy care, O God, and may she always remember the Lord as long as she remains in this wilderness, and finally, protect and guard her while she stayeth here, and remember her when Thou comest to judge the world, for good; this I beg for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen and Amen.

CONCLUSION.



I see the last page of my little book open, so will finish it in the language of scripture, as my poor words are not worthy to occupy your time, they are, I fear, too thickly set in this book already.

“Grace be with you, mercy and peace from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus, the Son of the Father in truth and love.”

Then to conclude, my dear Mama, “may the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you, who will do it. Mother, pray for me. The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.” Amen.

FINIS.

APRIL 13, 1828.

The gift of this little Book, so expressive of the opening mind of the youthful writer, was very precious to a mother's heart. He had penned it in the room which he had dedicated to the Lord by the name of his "Little Bethel," and which was fitted up by himself, and decorated with every painting, shell and flower that he could collect. It was there he formed all his little plans for each returning day. It was there he continually meditated on the word of God; and so entirely did he enjoy that Bethel, that he often said, as he smilingly held up the key, "I do think, if every one had a place like this to read in, it would help them on their way to heaven."

In the beautiful days of spring and summer it was his constant habit to rise early, almost with the lark. He often remarked, that it kept his mind in a spiritual state for the day; that there was something in the morning air that breathed a breath of heaven, never to be felt at any other time.

His favourite seat was on the bough of a large and beautiful mulberry tree, that grew

behind the cottage, and from whence could be seen many objects of a nature deeply interesting to him. Often did he take his position there before the sparkling dew had yielded to the rising sun, that he might hear the first notes of the early birds, as they gathered round this tree, and sweetly sung in harmony together.

It was a situation most favourable to devotion; and truly it may be said, that there the Lord opened his heart to receive daily the things spoken in His blessed word. Very few, if any, were the books he read on religious subjects; all the knowledge he ever gained was purely learned from the study of the Bible. After reading the portion he had allotted to himself, some text would generally take possession of his mind, and fix itself uppermost in his thoughts for the whole of the day. This formed the theme of many a conversation, especially with his mother. When meeting her after a walk or a ride, he would address her in the words of the text whatever it may have been. Sometimes it was "Peace, be still;" then he would talk of the stillness of that calm, which came over the troubled

waters at the command of Jesus. At another time the sweet salutation of his address would be "Good tidings, glad tidings of great joy;" then he would speak of the happy shepherds who first heard the proclamation of the Saviour's birth, and he would wonder how they felt. Thus his mind, in all cheerfulness and joy, entered deeply into the scripture scenes, and made them so familiar to his mind as to blend them with the pleasing occupations of every day.

He loved to speak upon, and to search into, the subject of the millennial glory. It was a new opening in the page of scripture, not considered or presented to him before. The idea quite took possession of his mind, and ran through every thought. Many a conversation on the subject took place on a sunny day, under the shade of the mulberry tree. Many a basket of fruit has been gathered, with roses and myrtle entwined, in happy allusion to that blessed period. Often, too, were there present some beloved friends to join in the conversations on this interesting topic, particularly one dear and highly respected Lady, who had, she often said, no greater joy, no

purser pleasure, than to go to that cottage to meet its happy inmates, and to join together with them in prayer and praise. Mal. iii. 16.

Not without profit, we trust, to the youthful reader, as marking the struggle between nature and grace, and as testing the power of sacred principle, we may mention here a trial of no trifling nature. Well, indeed, may it be so considered, when we remember that John was still quite a boy, not fourteen years of age, full of life and spirit, and, like all young persons, fond of variety. He had, at this time, become much attached to a dear Christian person, who had been called late in life to the knowledge of the "truth as it is in Jesus," and by whom he was fondly loved in return.

This gentleman took the greatest interest in his spiritual state, and would sooner have laid down his life than have cast a stumbling-block in the way of any of Christ's little ones, much less in his. Nevertheless, so great are the effects of habit, and of early association, that it requires a quick and watchful eye to keep the Christian right. Never can we be sufficiently on our guard

against the besetting temptation of those engagements which we loved in our former state of spiritual darkness and of alienation from God. Our prayer should daily, yea, should hourly, be "hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."

On a beautiful morning, after a pleasant ride, in some of the lovely lanes of Devonshire, the subject of this narrative alighted from his little pony, rushed into his cottage home, with a countenance unusually elated, to tell of all the races and amusements that were to take place, in a few days, near the town of Exmouth; and, especially to say, that his Christian friend had promised to ride with him, and to shew him everything that was going on! Perhaps it would be necessary to be placed in a similar situation to that of his fond Parent, before it would be possible to estimate the difficulty she felt of casting the first damp on the bright beam of that countenance which glowed before her with the joy of an unusual anticipation. She did not speak, but wondered greatly how such a promise could have been made by one whom she regarded as a sincere and consistent Christian, and who was himself

expecting shortly to enter the heavenly portals of the New Jerusalem. 6

Hastily she determined to go to him, and ask for an explanation; but, before she could reach his house, she met him on his way eagerly coming to her, to explain how early impressions, together with the fond desire of indulging his little companion, had led him away for the moment, and had blinded his better judgment, till the faithful monitor within reminded him of his solemn vow and bounden duty, to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world, and all other carnal desires of the flesh. This very explanation, however, was the cause of double disappointment to John, who listened in amazement to all that his friend said; and though he acknowledged that he was quite right, and himself very wrong, still he could not be perfectly reconciled, all at once, to the change.

This was the first public acknowledgement which he was called upon to make to the world, whether he would serve the Lord or not; whether he would go forward in the narrow road that leads to life everlasting, or tread the broad path with the

multitude in forgetfulness of God. Many circumstances made it particularly trying; such as being invited to dine by one family, and expected to join the party of a second or third. He had also to bear the looks of surprise; the glances of ridicule and of pity, which were cast upon him; the last being to him the hardest of all to endure.

The morning of the races at last arrived, and was ushered in by music and noisy mirth of every description. His excellent tutor, who felt keenly for his dear young charge, came at an early hour to take him out for a long and tempting ride, which he had arranged should terminate at the house of a lady, who had various curiosities to interest and instruct the young. There they were to dine and pass the day; and so entirely was his mind engaged and gladdened, by the innocent pleasures presented to him, that he took an opportunity to write a short note to his mother, to assure her that he was, indeed, "spending a very happy day." The sentiments of this note were so striking and appropriate, that she sent it to a beloved relative, in the hope that it might make an impression upon his mind, and lead him to

think seriously of these things; and deeply she regrets that this note was never returned to her.

In the evening of that day Mr. C. proposed to his pupil to take a walk to the busy scene, telling him that he wished him to judge for himself of the truth of all that had been said against the races; and remarked, that if the company which thronged the place in the morning, with their gay equipages, were then to return, and view the sad and fatal consequences of those scenes, which had been got up for their amusement, at the price of spiritual destruction to their fellow creatures, he doubted not, that many a smile of approbation would be changed into a thrill of horror.

Soon they arrived at the scenes of bustle and of confusion. Numerous booths were erected. Parties of ballad singers, villagers, townsmen, formed the motley group. But the external mask of propriety was now laid aside. The assembled crowd appeared in their true colours. Awful scenes of intoxication presented themselves on every side, and nothing was to be heard but oaths and blasphemies. Satan reigned supreme.

Cards, dice, and every evil, combined to cheat the souls of poor deluded men, and hurl them to endless perdition.

One short half-hour was more than enough to stamp an indelible impression on the heart of John, who left the scenes of Satan as quickly as he could. The remainder of the evening was spent in conversation of the deepest interest. The most powerful convictions had reached his heart; and while he mourned over the sad scenes he had witnessed, and remembered the ridicule and pity that had been cast upon him in the morning, his feelings burst forth in repeating the following lines, as he quickly paced the room.

A SAINT! O, would that I could claim
The privileg'd, the honoured name,
And confidently take my stand,
Though lowest in the saintly band !

A Saint ! O scorner, give some sign,
Some seal to prove the title mine,
And warmer thanks thou shalt command,
Than bringing kingdoms in thy hand.

O ! for an interest in that name,
When hell shall ope its jaws o' flame,
And sinners to their doom be hurl'd,
When scorned saints "shall judge the world!"

How shall the name of Saint be prized,
Though now neglected and despised,
When Truth shall witness to the Lord,
That none but "Saints shall judge the world!"

This poem, only part of which he repeated, he had obtained and had committed to memory, some time before it appeared in print.

A solemn sequel to the day remains to be related. Late that night a cart passed heavily along the streets, and the cries of anguish that accompanied it, caused every door to be opened. They proceeded from an unhappy woman, who was bringing home the lifeless body of her husband from the scene of revelry, where he had fallen a victim to those fearful vices which abound more or less on every race-course.

The following paper contains a record of a conversation that passed between this dear boy and

his Tutor, in consequence of his mind being apparently too much engaged in play. It was written by him in the year 1826, and was found amongst his private papers.

“*Tutor.* May I ask, dearest John, what you have done this week for the advancement of your soul towards eternity ?

J. W. You must tell me what you mean, Mr. C. I know not that I have done anything, unless it were saying prayers.

T. And have you said your prayers ? Why then do I not see a conformity of action to those prayers ? Whereas I see you frivolous and playful, far beyond what I can think right.

J. W. Not think play right ! O, Mr. C., is it not natural for the young to play, yes, and to love play too ? And would you have me always grave, always dull and serious ?

T. No, my dear boy. I like to see you happy and in spirits, but I decidedly think the boisterous play in which you have been *so much* engaged dissipates the mind, unfits it for prayer, and leads to those amusements that unregenerate persons like.

J. W. Well, I dare say you are right. No doubt it is better to err on that side than the other.

T. And do you think me too strict, Johnny? Are my views stricter than the Bible? "Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

J. W. Believe me, I have a desire to do all to the glory of God, and to further the gospel of Christ.

T. Have you then proved your desires this week? Have you spoken to your companions? Have you openly declared your love for Christ? For whosoever is ashamed of Him before men, of him will Christ be ashamed when He comes to judge the world. Ah! Johnny, you will not think my views *too strict in that day*,—I hope *before* that day.

This was spoken with tears; a pause, a long pause followed; I was the first to speak.

J. W. And do you think it very bad to feel that some things which I know are wrong, would still be a pleasure to me to do?

T. I do think that if you have received the Spirit of God, you would become a new creature, you would hate and dislike frivolous amusements, you would not enjoy them, nor such persons as are trifling and silly, you would not like their society, you would leave them and cleave to the people of God.

J. W. But St. Paul said he had two laws in himself.

T. Yes ; but the better ruled the law of nature ; we ought therefore to pray that our desires may be changed, that we may dislike the society of unregenerate persons, and by abstaining from all their practices, only mix with them to do them good. Your prayers for them and yourself will then be answered on the warrant of Scripture, for the Lord will fulfil His promise.

Here ended my conversation with Mr. C. Sadly and silently we returned home together ; at the door we parted, and, as I looked after him, I saw him turn round and take out his handkerchief. And here am I in my room ; my dream is strongly impressed on my mind, with all the horrors of the moment, when I thought I stood before the Judgment-seat of God, leaning on the arm of my beloved mother, the agony of the moment beyond all description dreadful, while I watched the progress of a meteor, or star, sent from the hand of Christ himself, to place His mark on the children that He loved. O ! the agony I felt when I saw it hover over us and pass without touching. Again it returned to the throne of grace, and again it was sent forth to select from the great

multitude, the people of God ; it approached nearer and nearer—stood over us—and ere it touched us I awoke.

O Lord God! hear my prayer which I now make unto Thee. I see a new path open to my view, and I have this day considered, and feel, that I have in a measure declined in my religious exercises. O Lord, I feel the unhappiness of living without Thee, having once felt and tasted Thy grace. I this night give myself afresh to Thee ; do Thou be pleased to change my heart and my desires, turn them from earthly things to heavenly things. Of myself I can do nothing but pray, and even that I cannot do in heart without Thy Holy Spirit helping me. O Lord, change the heart of my dear companions, and give us all firmness to stick close to our new desires, lest at any time we go contrary to Thy holy will, and be tempted by the worldly to join in their amusements, and we be carried off and our desires leave us. O God, grant us Thy Holy Spirit. Bless all our friends. Bless my dear cousins, and my dear Mr. C. O Lord, pour out Thy Holy Spirit abundantly on my dear Mama. Amen."

The blessed Saviour said, " Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find

rest unto your souls." The little writer of the foregoing paper had learned of Jesus. He was meek and lowly to receive correction, and he found rest to his soul. His docility of spirit is most beautiful. He listens to the teacher set over him by Providence. His conscience responds to the lessons and warnings of truth. He retires to his chamber. He prostrates himself at the throne of grace, confesses his spiritual declension, and earnestly prays for pardon and grace. How suitable, how admirable are the concluding petitions of this prayer! O that every youthful Christian remembered daily to say, "Lord, give me firmness to stick close to my new desires." How much less seldom should we witness the sad backslidings of hopeful beginners, if this petition were continually and fervently offered! And what does this dear boy deprecate as the cause of these backslidings? Worldly compliance! It is not the Christian who draws the worldling to join his sacred services: it is the worldling who tempt the Christian to join their frivolous amusements. Beware then, O Christian, beware of worldly compliance! "Carried off" by it, thou shalt surely be, if thou criest not con-

tinually to God. If then, dear youthful reader, the Spirit of God have awakened any "new desires" within thy breast, never cease to pray for grace to be enabled to "cleave" closely to them. Of thyself thou canst not resist a single temptation. Watch then and pray, lest at any time thou shouldst "go contrary to God's holy will, and be tempted by the worldly to join their sinful amusements, and thou be carried off, and thy desires leave thee."

The desires which this young Christian found working in his heart were, as he rightly calls them, "new desires." They were the stirrings of that "new creature" which the Divine Spirit was producing in his soul. His old desires felt odious to him now. He compared his feelings and affections, his thoughts and motives, his words and actions, with the unerring standard of God's word, and he trembled at the result of his own self-inspection. He feared that he had "a peculiar wicked heart,"—he feared that he was only the "garnished room" spoken of in Scripture, and he besought the Lord with tears. These were humbling, but they were wholesome exercises.

He was like a newly planted tree, and this was the shaking of its roots by the wise "Husbandman," that they might be firmly fixed in the good soil. He was brought by the Spirit of Truth both to feel and to believe that his heart was so deceitful and desperately wicked, that he could of himself do nothing for its cure; and at last he found comfort in the hope and in the prayer that "God would govern his heart for him." His own words in the following "Fragment," written by his own hand, will best express these various emotions of his soul:—

A FRAGMENT.

"I have been this day reading the 25th chapter of St. Matthew. The oil mentioned in the 3rd verse must mean the Word, or Spirit of God. The sheep are the people that serve the Lord in this world of trial; and the goats are those who do not. But can people serve the Lord without sinning in this world? I ask.

No; but they can be sorry for their sin, and pray to God. Hear what St. John saith, "if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus

Christ the righteous." Hear also what Christ saith, "he that cometh unto me I will *if no wise* cast out." But I cannot always come ; I often try to pray and cannot. I think I have a peculiar wicked heart, namely, extreme high spirits, which is a great snare to me ; thoughtlessness ; a taste for amusements more than for thinking and talking of my Redeemer ; giddy, not steadfast ; all these bad features produce bad effects, but God who permits me to be so tried, can and will help me to overcome them, if I pray for grace to the Trinity.

To the Lord God be all the glory of my salvation, if I am saved. I trust the good Lord will yet bless me, as I besought Him last night with tears. I trust He will govern my heart for me, and keep me in His love unto the end, for I can do nothing for myself, I do feel ; but as I feel my weakness, I trust He will make me strong in Him. Feeling it so hard to direct and keep my thoughts on spiritual subjects, makes me think I am only the "garnished room" spoken of in Scripture. Want of thought is my besetting sin ; yesterday, and the day before, I felt that I was kept, for *thought* seemed to be with me in every thing almost, and I felt so much happier."

The preceding paper will have proved the sincerity, the genuineness, of this youthful Christian, the following prayer will evince the unfeigned humility of his heart. Humility is lovely in all, but it is especially so in the young. A proud Christian is a contradiction. Christ was truly humble, and how can he be a Christian who is not like Christ? None of us, however, by nature are humble; really, spiritually, scripturally, humble. It requires the mighty power of God to make us so. We may indeed know many doctrines of the glory, and of the holiness, and of the majesty of God, and also of the weakness, and the folly, and the general unworthiness of man. From the reading of the Scriptures, and the preaching of the Gospel, we may have learned much orthodox truth as "with the hearing of the ear;" but it is not till we can say with Job, "now mine eye seeth Thee," that we "abhor ourselves and repent in dust and ashes." This young Christian was now brought into the same school, through which that aged Patriarch had passed. So deeply was he impressed with a sense of his own unworthiness, that he feared it was presumption even to call

himself a servant of God. He hoped indeed that one day he might be admitted into the sacred ministry, but again he thought that this was an honour far too great to be vouchsafed to him. Thus humility was, by grace, a prominent feature of his character, and the sequel of this narrative will shew that the Lord was with him, and fulfilled to him His own gracious promise, Isaiah lvii. 15,—“For thus saith the high and lofty ONE that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.” Meantime, the following prayer, which he composed at this period, will exhibit the expansive power of the love of Christ working in his heart, raising him from the depths of his own corruption to the height of heavenly communion,—delivering him from the power of sin, and filling him with a yearning affection toward the souls of all men, and especially of his relatives and friends:—

EXMOUTH, *August*, 1826.

“O Lord, hear ~~the~~ prayer of a child, I beseech Thee ; though, alas, a sinful child. Protect me from the great enemy of souls, grant he may not have dominion over me, but help me to put my sins at the foot of the Cross, that one drop from the side of Jesus may fall upon them and wash them out. O God of grace, forgive all my backslidings ; do, I beseech Thee, forgive me, and those unhappy ones that backslide from Thee. O grant that those who wish to return to Thee may be received into Thy fold. Encourage and strengthen them, keep them and govern them ; take charge of their wicked hearts that have so grievously led them astray. Keep me, Thy unworthy servant, (and if it be presumption in me to call myself Thy servant, pardon that with any other offence,) and give me largely of Thy Holy Spirit, especially if I should be so honoured as to preach Thy Word, and deliver Thy message to poor perishing sinners. Do Thou be with me, help me to attain to that honour, and afterwards receive me to glory. Grant that at the last day I may have on the wedding garment of salvation, and one that I love beside me clothed in the same robe of Christ’s righteousness.

O ! grant that with her I may have the unspeakable joy of meeting my departed friends, and then with Christ at our head may we fly with dearest sister to a world of heavenly joy ; and, till that hour cometh, bless the soul of my dearest mother with twofold blessings. May she live worthy Thy seal to be set on her forehead. May she be a blessing to my dear cousins. O grant to them a spirit of prayer ; may they read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the Holy Scriptures. O bless my dear friend and tutor. May mutual affection subsist between us to our everlasting good and Thy glory. Bless his preaching abundantly. Be with all my dear uncles and aunts, especially my dear aunt W——, who is now dangerously ill ; give her Thy saving grace. I did not think I loved them half so well as I find I do. With much earnestness and tears do I beseech Thee, good Lord, to bless them, and may they pray for Thy grace to keep them unto the end, for Christ Jesus' sake. Amen.

It is the peculiar glory of revealed religion that it proclaims a law of universal love. In no other code but that of the sacred Scriptures, is this injunction to be found recorded, “Thou shalt love

thy neighbour as thyself." The natural mind may indeed admire this law, and yet neither possess any desire, nor make any endeavour, to fulfil it. The true Christian, however, longs to yield a complete obedience to the injunction, and mourns inwardly because he comes so far short in its performance.

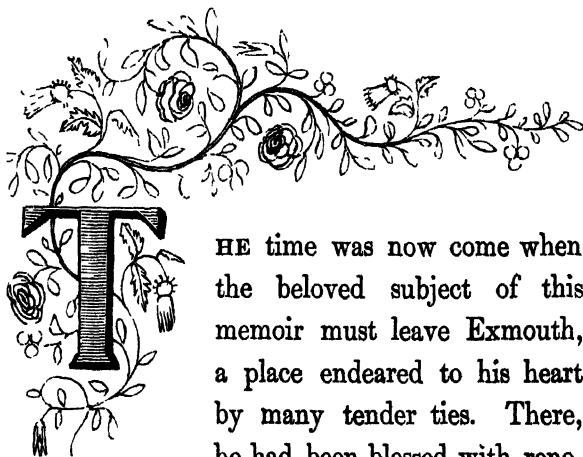
Observe the working of this law of love in the heart of this young Christian. He regarded it as a sacred duty to "continue instant in prayer," for others, as well as for himself. The spiritual welfare of relatives and friends was precious in his estimation, because he knew it was precious also in that of Christ. Therefore, in the prayer we have just read, (and still more fully in his Book of Private Prayer, in the Appendix,) mark how he pours out his heart in intercessions on their behalf. Let us take home this lesson,—let us copy his example. May neither relative nor neighbour rise up in the judgment against us, and say "You never earnestly prayed for the salvation of our souls."

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CHAPTER IV.



THE time was now come when the beloved subject of this memoir must leave Exmouth, a place endeared to his heart by many tender ties. There, he had been blessed with renovated health. There, the Lord had given him the "joy of His salvation." There, every passing hour had been gladdened by many dear friends, whose Christian converse had helped him on his heavenward road, and whose affectionate kindness had deeply imprinted itself on

his heart. Childhood's happy day also had drawn to its close, for he had now nearly attained his sixteenth year, and the duties of approaching manhood began to press themselves on his attention.

His choice of a profession, indeed, had been made from his earliest years. To become an "ambassador of Christ," a "messenger" of mercy, a "fellow-worker with God," had long formed the highest point of his earthly ambition. And highest, and happiest, and most honoured it is of every earthly lot. To attain to be a Minister of Christ far surpasses all that the wealth and the grandeur of the world can bestow. His office is sacred, his duties are solemn, and his work is salvation.

Now, therefore, that the time for entering on the preparatory studies of the ministry had arrived, many and anxious were the deliberations as to where those studies should be commenced and conducted. His own desires were towards Ireland, the love of which was deeply implanted in his heart. The longings of his inmost soul were to revisit his native isle. How wonderful

is the power of early association! How strong is the love of country! Recollections when the heart was young have a radiant halo around them. And strongly did the heart of this dear youth respond to the following lines of his highly-gifted relative, the late Rev. Charles Wolfe;—

“O Erin! O my Mother! I will love thee!
Whether upon thy green Atlantic throne,
Thou sitt'st august, majestic and sublime,
Or on thy empire's last remaining fragment
Bendest forlorn.”

Never did the colour mount more quickly to his cheek than when he heard a disparaging word spoken against his own green isle. With a quivering lip, and a half reproachful eye, he would defend its supposed faults, and maintain its positive merits to the best of his ability.

In the month of June, 1828, the little party that had so happily settled at Exmouth, crossed again the channel in far happier spirits than when they had last sailed over it: and many were the fond schemes indulged in of future usefulness. In the fair county of Wicklow a

beautiful spot was chosen for their residence. Thither they immediately repaired, and settled in the interesting parish of Delgany, intending, as soon as arrangements were completed, to visit their beloved relatives in turn. The Lord, however, had other purposes in view. They had planned a happy home in a lovely country surrounded by many of the excellent of the earth. He planned a far different home for this beloved youth.

The very first drive they took to Dublin was to see the family Physician, Doctor C——. Symptoms of an unfavourable nature had appeared after hooping cough, and extreme languor had supervened, which occasioned the deepest anxiety. The buoyant spirits of youth, and the joyful feelings of return to Ireland, sustained, for a short time, the fatigues of travel, and the bustle of removal. They cast, however, but a temporary gleam of sunshine over the dark gathering cloud that was so soon to burst upon their heads.

“In Dublin,” writes the afflicted mother, “we met the Physician at the hour appointed. I told him all; and, as I spoke, I saw the solemn look,

the mournful eye gathering almost to tears, for he was a dear friend, as well as a Physician. It was enough for me—I understood it all—I asked no questions, but departed.”

Those who have drank of the bitter cup of sorrow, similar to that which was now almost filled to the brim, will know something of that moment's awful struggle to a mother, beyond the power of mere human nature to sustain. On the one hand, there was the anxious endeavour to conceal from the beloved object the slender nature of the hope indulged by the physicians ; and on the other, there was the all but uncontrollable desire to give immediate vent to the bitter wailings of her own burdened spirit. Such sufferers will know what a face of smiles and a heart of tears can mean. They will understand what protracted agony it was to drive on a cloudless day through the beautiful “Glen of the Downs,”* where all was lovely below—all bright overhead—every thing right but the agonized heart that looked listlessly up—or smiled vacantly on—that talked of peace when there was no peace,

* A well-known Glen in the County of Wicklow.

that spoke of joy for sorrow, and of hope for despair! Such, alas! was the sore conflict of feeling in the mother's heart, as she returned home that day. And then, superadded to all this misery, was the deep gloom of spiritual anguish that seized upon the soul of the sufferer himself. He thought that the wrath of God was upon him—that his day of grace was over—that an angry, though a just God, was about to pronounce the awful sentence of everlasting punishment upon him.

How great is the change which is here described! Little indeed know we what a day or an hour is to bring forth. Neither our outward fortunes, nor our inward feelings, are at our own absolute disposal. Here is a twofold trial of a severe description—the health of the body is gone, and the comfort of the mind is departed. Deeply afflicted youth, the heaviest trial of his life was now come upon him. His sky was overcast while it was yet day. The plans he had formed of earthly happiness, and the hopes he had entertained of heavenly felicity, are gone in a moment, and scattered to the winds. Who would have

thought that so terrible a calamity could so soon befall him! The cup may be in the hand, yea, even at the lip, and yet the draught, untasted, be dashed upon the ground. The canopy of our heaven may be cloudless, and the sun be smiling upon our tabernacle, and yet suddenly the big clouds may gather, the winds arise, the rains descend, the tempest roar, the thunders roll, the lightnings flash, the earth beneath us tremble, and our strongest battlements in an instant may be laid low, and seem for the instant, with their awful crash, to raze our whole dwelling to the foundations. It is, however, the battlements that are gone, and not the house. Our first and worst fears are not always realized. So was it now with this deeply-tried child of God. His house had not fallen, though he thought it had. It could not fall, for it was founded upon a Rock! The battlements, however, which he had built upon it were cast down, and the Lord was leading him to see that the house could stand without them. All that a house needs is a foundation, and all that the soul needs is Christ.

But, alas! our natural tendency is to desire

something more. The Saviour alone, as exhibited to our faith by the Gospel, in all His sufficiency and freeness, is not enough for us. We ought simply, and firmly, and joyfully to believe, at all times, that every thing we need is given to us in Him, and so to derive peace, and strength, and comfort directly from His fulness. But, instead of this, we vainly wait to feel some good in our own hearts towards Him, before we will fully believe in the good that is in His heart towards us. Thus, instead of simply looking at Christ, we look away to ourselves. We act by sense, and not by faith—we strive to assure ourselves of the continuance of our comfort, on the ground that we feel comfortable. We build confidence on our resolutions, our tears, our prayers, our pious feelings. We hope upon our hopes, and rejoice in our good frames.

But the Apostle, on the contrary, has given us this command, “Rejoice in the Lord always, and again, I say, rejoice.” There is no other sure, abiding, scriptural, source of peace and joy than Christ Himself. He remains continually the same. We are ever changing. His fulness

of grace and peace is always free and open to our use. We are never straitened in Him, in whom are "all our well-springs." If we look to ourselves we become verily straitened. It is, indeed, good to form pious resolutions, to possess holy frames, and to be animated by heavenly hopes. Never can we be sufficiently thankful to the Lord when He vouchsafes to give them. But it is not good to reckon on their continuance of themselves in such hearts as ours: much less is it right to make them our ground of peace, or of comfort, or of confidence toward God. No. The Saviour, the Saviour alone, must be our ground of confidence, and in Him alone must we rejoice. We must learn to live on Christ by bare faith—believing and not seeing. We must follow God in the dark as well as in the light; and trust in His love, and believe in His presence, even when we cannot feel His nearness. "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." Isaiah, chap. l. 10.

It was to teach the lesson of this text that the

Lord saw it good thus to try His young servant with disappointment at the very moment of success. It was to convince him that his own amiable feelings were neither perfect in their degree, nor permanent in their nature—to shew him that his own fervent prayers, and his own best resolutions could not of themselves sustain him, and that he possessed not the slightest degree of inherent spiritual strength. He had hitherto walked in the light of God's countenance, and now he was to learn to trust God in the dark. Instead of having his own pleasant frames to comfort him, he was now to have the bare word and promise of the Lord, and was to learn by experience that "Man liveth not by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

There was also another deep lesson that he was now to learn, namely, that "all things work together for good to them that love God:" Rom. viii. He was now passing through his severest trial, yet even this he was to regard as appointed for his spiritual and eternal benefit. It was indeed a bitter medicine, but it was administered for his soul's health. The scripture declares that the

Lord doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. Dearest John was now to set his seal to this truth in the face of apparent contradiction ; and ever afterwards, from his own experience, he was to acknowledge, in time and in eternity, that “the Lord chastens us not for His own pleasure but our profit, that He may make us partakers of His holiness.” And again, another lesson which he was to be taught, as a preparation for heaven, was that of submission,—absolute, continual, and universal, submission to his heavenly Father’s will, saying with the heart as well as with the lip, “Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.”

It was, however, humanly speaking, quite natural that he should thus despond. Who does not feel that in his circumstances we should, perhaps, have sunk much lower ? To a young and sanguine mind, who can estimate the sharpness of this trial ? There were many causes of depression then acting upon him. In the first place, his health was completely broken. We all know the mutual influence of the body and the mind upon each other, but we understand

neither the manner nor the extent of that influence. It reaches farther, however, than we commonly imagine. Bodily disease has a great effect upon the spirits. When weak and out of health a thousand things annoy us that we never felt before. So it was now with this afflicted child of God. Under the influence of a bodily distemper, dismal feelings were engendered, and dark and gloomy thoughts awakened. A better state of health might have removed this gloomy state of mind. There is a melancholy for which the skill of the Physician can alone supply a remedy. When the Christian sinks into this state of body, he should not judge of his state of mind under it, as he does at other times. The spirit should, but cannot always, sustain the infirmity of the body. When the head may ache, it is not necessary that the heart of the Christian should ache with it.

Besides this physical cause of depression, there were also those of a temporal and moral nature acting upon him. His plans were all now crushed and his prospects blighted. His native country just regained, was immediately to be left. The plans of happiness which he had formed within

it, were all to be given up. Intercourse with beloved friends, was to be relinquished ere yet it was well commenced. To a sensitive heart like his, these must have proved painful and piercing trials: more especially so, when we add to all this that his favourite studies were now to be laid aside, and all his bright and blessed hopes of entering the ministry to be crushed for ever. His beloved mother, too, must again be exposed to suffering through him, and become again a wanderer for his sake. Surely the deepest emotions of his soul must have been disturbed, and the finest feelings of his heart be harrowed by such considerations.

To all these physical, temporal, and moral causes of depression, we must add one deeper and more powerful than all, that the great Spirit was now trying him. It was not that God had really forsaken His beloved child. O no! But that child felt as though He had. He confounded chastisement with desertion. He did not look upon this severe blow as a proof of the love, but of the anger of God; and here lay his mistake. The scriptures had plainly said, "Whom

God loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." The child when he is punished, must not therefore think that his parent hates him, as this dear afflicted youth was now tempted to do. Like Job of old, he thought that a thick cloud was brought between, and that his prayers could not pass through. His very humility of heart, also, became now an innocent aggravation of his trial ; for his sense of personal unworthiness became so strong, as to exclude for a time his sense of the worthiness of Christ. So great was this spiritual storm, so thick its darkness, that he could not behold the shining of the Sun of Righteousness. Like Paul in the ship, he was "exceedingly tossed on the billows, and when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on him"—what marvel was it that from so youthful and inexperienced a mariner "all hope that he should be saved was then taken away?" But no ; the Lord Jesus was at the helm, who then need fear a shipwreck ? His vessel was, indeed, labouring with the sea, and reeling under the successive stroke of mighty waves. And did he sink ? No ; the Lord

came unto him, as to Peter, in the fourth watch of the night, saying unto him, "It is I, be not afraid."

Safety cometh only from the Lord of Hosts. Mere human faith could not have endured in such a conflict, but the Lord giveth strength to the weak. Though, therefore, he was now in perplexity, he was not altogether in despair—he was despondent indeed, but not forsaken—he was cast down, but not destroyed. From the beginning of the world, it has been proved that the best of men have no power of their own in the day of trouble. But for trial they would neither have known nor have believed their own weakness. Many vessels may sail together on the calm sea, but it is the storm which proves them all to themselves and to others; and few are there of those now at rest in the haven above, who have not been called, at some time or other, to "weather the storm." "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

It is recorded of the Lord that "though He cause grief yet will He have compassion according

to the multitude of His mercies." Lam. iii. 32. He hath said, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." Isaiah xl. 1. To convey this message of mercy to His people, the Lord graciously condescends to employ His ministers. They are fellow-sinners with the afflicted, and they can often sympathize, from personal experience, in their sorrows. John Wolfe was now thus privileged of God. Under his! new and deep trial he was visited by the Rev. Mr. Cleaver, of Delgany, whose words proved most consolatory to the young sufferer. He spoke to him from the 107th Psalm, dwelling on the wanderings of the children of Israel, stopped particularly at verses 6, 13, 19, 28, bringing before him the willingness of God to hear prayer. He also talked of "Mary's tears," remarking that she wept because she knew what sin was, and, coming to Christ, was pardoned. He spoke also of Job's feeling, "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," with many other

portions applicable to a sinner at the feet of Jesus. He then prayed most beautifully ; and as he crossed the hall to bid farewell, he softly said to the afflicted parent, "If you did but know it, you have far more reason to rejoice than to sorrow."

All this time consultation had followed consultation, unfavourable symptoms were increasing, and strength was failing, so rapidly that no time was to be lost in removing. It was considered most advisable to avoid all farewells—all sad adieus. Hastily and hurriedly, therefore, was every thing packed up, without giving time for a thought that could be avoided. And on a bright summer morning, in the month of August, ere the dew was yet absorbed, or the early hymn of the birds concluded, they drove to the harbour, where, only two months before, they had landed with light and happy hearts. A little boat conveyed them to the packet ; but, before it sailed, two carriages were seen driving rapidly to the beach. They contained two near and dearly-loved relatives, one of whom, with his wife, had been on the road from break of day. Finding that the party had already embarked, they did

not follow them on board, for each felt they dare not trust themselves to meet. It was a deeply trying moment. There they stood. Dearest John rallied his spirits for the instant : he manfully brushed away the falling tears, and walked with steady step to the end of the vessel several times. His graceful figure made a lasting impression on all who saw him, as he gently waved his hand to each dear relative, and faintly smiled his last adieu. The vessel arrived in safety at Clifton on the following day. The voyage produced no unfavourable effects, but rest and quietude were considered indispensable.

Disappointment sinks deep into the youthful heart ; and when the buoyant spirits are once crushed, the healing process, humanly speaking, is both tedious and difficult. The finer the chords of the harp, the longer they vibrate, and the sooner are they snapped asunder. The tender heart of this dear youth was a finely-strung instrument, and long did its tremulous sound bespeak the Power that had touched it. Of himself, however, he was always slow to speak. Even to his Mother he found it difficult to unbosom his mind

on spiritual subjects. Humility and diffidence seemed to choke his utterance whenever he attempted it. Prompted by the strength of his filial affection to overcome his silence in another form, he wrote the two following letters, which he put into his Mother's hand, or left on her table, during their short stay at Clifton. They disclose the deep and remarkable workings of the Divine Spirit in his youthful heart ;—

CLIFTON, *August 10th*, 1828.

My Darling Mother,

I thank you for your little note, and, although it requires no answer, still I must write. I wish to tell you what sometimes makes me despond : in the Revelations of St. John the divine, I read what charges he has against different Churches, and what awful judgment He threatens against them if they do not turn from their evil ways, and though they had much that He commended, yet they were threatened with having their candlestick removed. Yea, though the Lord saith, "I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them that are evil, and hast tried them that say they are Apostles, and are

not, and hast found them liars, and hast laboured and hast not fainted." Rev. ii. 2, &c., &c. When I think of all that is in the second and third chapters, how can I but fear and despond? I have had no outward enemies to struggle with. On the contrary, I have had a kind and dear Mother to listen to all I had to say, to help me and put me in the right way. I have one, who feels what I feel, to open my heart to here on Earth, as well as one merciful Saviour in heaven; while many have parents that would do all they could to debar their children from making their election sure. O! how these mercies have been abused by me; how I get into a lukewarmness about heavenly things, and how all those Christian duties which the Lord ascribes to the churches, have been by me neglected. These thoughts, along with others, are enough to sink a sinner *sensible* of his state, far, far too deep in despondency ever to be recovered, only that, in other parts of sacred history, it saith, the longsuffering lovingkindness of the Lord extendeth even further than our sins, and if we feel truly penitent, we are permitted to say with confidence, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." To be "poor in spirit," I conceive to be humble, from a sense of our

sins,—to be penitent : but are we truly penitent? That is a question I cannot answer, only, I think I am, and if I am not, O Lord, make me truly penitent. I feel I have a sorrow for having omitted so many duties, and I have a desire that I may be enabled to perform those duties ; but, alas ! my works will never prove my repentance, for I know nothing could actuate me to good deeds but the grace of God alone, and I cannot say I shew my love to Christ by doing his commands. But, O Lord Jesus, Thou knowest that I love Thee, and Thou knowest that I wish to have Thy assistance, without which, I can do nothing. God bless you, my dearest Mother. Amen.

CLIFTON, *August 9th*, 1828.

My dearest and most affectionately beloved Mama, I write this as a fulfilment of the promise I made to you at Delgany. And first of all I will tell you, that I think what Mr. Cleaver said to me was indeed of much use, inasmuch as I feel more trust in the Divine Will, and more resigned. O I think that God is nearer to me, I think I feel not forsaken entirely. I feel some small comfort in thinking that though our sins be as scarlet, yet will He have mercy

and pity on those that see their state, and feel deep sorrow. O I could weep this moment, I could weep many times a day, and often cannot refrain, when no eye sees me but God. But that emotion of sorrow I check whenever I can. I would often wish to speak to you alone, but I cannot keep myself calm enough even to pray; but if you have time to write, do, for I love to get a line from you, and I will not be spare in writing you anything you ask, answering questions, or anything you please. God be praised, for he has granted me one thing I asked for, namely, a prayerful spirit. O that is a blessing I have been taught by His Holy Spirit highly to prize, and if I was asking for any blessing, that is the one I would still ask for above all others. It is now nine o'clock, else I should write more. I certainly am happier than I was: good night, God bless my dearest Mother; and may she have a prayerful spirit, which I know she values even more than I, her unworthy son.

J. W.

No Seal to
this;
affection
guards it.

How instructive is this letter! How humiliating is it to see one so young, so far before us on the way to heaven! What carefulness had his trial wrought in him! How anxious does he appear, in every thing, to please God! How faithful is he to examine himself by the unerring standard of God's word? There is a noble honesty in this letter. He tells out every thing, whether it be for him or against him. See how he enumerates his spiritual privileges, his temporal advantages, his domestic mercies, till he makes his own shortcomings appear more glaring by the contrast. Mark how openly he confesses his abuse of these mercies—"his lukewarmness in heavenly things"—his "neglect of Christian duties." No eye of man had discerned such failings in him; but his conscience was too tender to tolerate the least sin. Never do we thus think and speak till the Spirit of holiness has brought us to feel every sin—even the very smallest, to be a hateful burden. Then do we cast it from us. Then do we "abhor" ourselves because of it, and "repent in dust and ashes." Yet even on this point observe how careful he is to guard

himself against self-deception. "But are we truly penitent?" he asks immediately, and then sorrowfully adds, "that is a question I cannot answer, only I think I am, and if I am not, O Lord, make me truly penitent." What deep spiritual wisdom is here exhibited to our view! He rests not in his own judgment of himself, but cries earnestly to the Lord to make him that which he desires to be. And this is the only sure way to become so. Here is the source of all true self-knowledge, and of all power over besetting infirmities. This is the mode by which our souls shall grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. May every reader of this book thus resemble the writer of this letter!

Longer rest was not considered proper at Clifton, than might suffice to recruit his strength for a further journey. Accordingly, after a few days, they set out for Southampton, as the best port from which to embark for the Island of Guernsey. A short time only was there required for the necessary preparations for their voyage; and once more the Mother and the Son committed

themselves to the deep, under the protection of their heavenly Father. On this occasion they were accompanied by an attached young friend, with whom they had become acquainted at Exmouth, and whom John loved as a brother. There was a faithful domestic in attendance, and also a man-servant, who had charge of the favourite pony, which must never be left behind.

It was about the middle of September when they commenced their residence in their selected Channel Island. It was hoped that its more mild and southern climate might check the progress of disease, and prevent the necessity of further removal. For a few weeks it appeared as though the desired object would be gained. John was enabled to take his regular exercise, and to ride out almost daily. But still his spirits continued much depressed; no doubt greatly occasioned by disease. His whole soul seemed absorbed with anxiety to make progress heavenward. In this he was greatly assisted by his amiable and adopted brother. The friendship of these two youths was based on Christian principle, and cemented by Christian intercourse. A few letters remain ad-

dressed to his friend, which testify how earnestly he looked to him, and not in vain, for spiritual counsel and help.

(TO HIS DEAR FRIEND.)

GUERNSEY, *September* 14, 1828.

(In Bed.)

My Dearest J.,

Most grateful would a Note, nay, a long long Letter from you, on those subjects which are of the deepest importance and interest, be to your ever affectionate,

J. WOLFE.

P.S.—Write me a prayer on the subject of having a prayerful spirit, and give thanks in it for having received that blessing, and for being taught to value it; for I feel grateful for this blessing, which I have lately experienced. When I was at Delgany, I felt very desponding, because I did not feel that desire to pray, and I felt forsaken of God, but I am now much happier. Write me more on some other subjects applicable, as you know the outline of my feeling. God bless you for ever.

J. WOLFE

September 15th.

My Dearest J.,

I have not read your book or letter yet, but the following is a copy of a note I had intended writing and sending to you. I send it now, because I think you are not only my sincere friend, but I trust and think you are a true disciple of Christ, and able to help and advise in the paths of holiness. On reading over one of your notes, I fear that some coldness in me, has been the cause of its not being fulfilled : I mean on religious matters. But I assure you it is a constant source of unhappiness to me, that I so often feel cold and dead. Sometimes I am warmed and enlivened, and then I feel how happy I am. But I cannot attain to that spiritual mindedness which is my ambition, because, that, I know, is the happiness, hope and trust, peace and essence of a Christian ; and though I can often pray, yet I am not happy on the subject, and it often distracts me in my private moments when I think I cannot attain it now. What will it be when the world, the flesh, and the devil are all fighting against me? I assure you, dear, dear J., I often despair of myself when I think of these things. I am sure I must be wrong in something. I hope you will

write to me as you intend. O, it is your duty, and peradventure God might sanctify what you say to the eternal benefit of your truly affectionate

J. W.

Sunday night.

September.

I am very much gratified by receiving the paper which you gave me, may God of his infinite goodness and mercy ever protect and bless you, and may His grace be with you always, is the most earnest prayer of your much obliged and affectionate

J. W.

P.S.—I have read your paper: do write me something on *how* to attain that mindedness, and what are the obstacles, but do not teaze yourself. I would not give you this, only I know you are deeply anxious about me. I have thought twenty times whether I shall send you this paper or no.

GUERNSEY, *October 2nd.*

Dear J.,

Do not suppose, because I wish you to write me more on the subject of spiritual mindedness, that I did not like what you have written. It is because I like it so much that I ask for more.

I am far from being well, and a little thing would throw me back. God bless you, keep you, and may we both meet in heaven, where we shall never more be parted, is the prayer of your affectionate

J. W.

P.S.—If you think you see anything in which you think I fail, pray do say plainly, “Dear John, I think you are deficient in so and so, and I think so and so is the best way to conquer it.”

GUERNSEY.

Dearest J.,

I write this to thank you, my dearest and true friend, for complying with my request, which was not a very pleasant task, but I am sure, anything for the benefit of your dear friend you would do with pleasure. I am sure (and I feel) what you say is very true. I will (with the help of Him who alone is able to help,) try to follow your advice, and retire at midday to my room. I will try to be constant in prayer against the world, the flesh, and the devil, that I may in time be built up, and I will not despair of being perfectly furnished to every good work, though I think that a mighty change must take place in me ; yet I will believe that the

Lord will not despise the day of small things, but will carry on the work until the now sickly babe in Christ becomes a full and perfect man. I trust I shall be enabled to pray and strive against that indolence that despairs when prayers are not immediately answered, and that fear of my spiritual enemies increasing above my strength in the Lord, as my intercourse with the world increases. If there is anything else that may occur to your mind during the week, do write. I do not press you, because your time is so taken up with your own studies, but if you do write a line I shall be too happy to get it. May God, your heavenly Father, bless you in Christ with all spiritual blessings, is the wish and prayer of

J. W.

P.S.—Return me my note I gave you some days ago, by all manner of means.

While thus spiritual strength was increasing, it became too evident that his physical power was rapidly diminishing. The weather likewise, in the month of October, became damp and foggy. The young invalid was confined a great deal to bed; and as every thing appeared unfavourable,

vourable, it was determined to leave the island before the cold set in, and to fix their winter quarters rather at Southampton. Thither, with melancholy hearts, they returned in the beginning of November, 1828 ; and obtained a comfortable dwelling at a short distance from the town.

SOUTHAMPTON, *November 28, 1828.*

“ My Darling Mama,

I don't know why I begin to write, but you put pen and paper before me, and I thought who I would write to ? and my pen said, To my Mother. And now, what shall I say ? just what I think. And what do I think ? Why, I think I love God, and I think I do *not* love Him. I think I love Him, because it is a grief to me that I do not love Him more ; and when I think that I must love Him or love the devil, I think, do I love God ? First, Does it delight me most when I am alive to God and dead to the devil, or am I most easy when he has the upper hand ? Can I be happy, and see him rule my heart ? Do I seek and wish for the Spirit of God ? O Lord God, the happiest moments of my life are when Thy Spirit shines in my heart. O Lord, give me neither riches nor poverty, life nor

honour, nor anything that shall come between me and my God, whom I esteem more precious than them all. Also, when I think how good God has been to me, and how Christ has revealed Himself to my soul, can I say He does not love me? O no! Then if He loves me, I must love Him. When His love beams on me, I must reflect those beams back to Him; therefore, often can I say, "O Lord Jesus, Thou knowest all things, yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee."

(2nd Part.) Sunday.—I feel pretty well to-day, able to sit up, and write to my beloved Mother, while she praises the Lord in His holy house.
* * * Sometimes I think I do not love God, because I do not all I could to please Him; but, my dear Mother, this is doubting that He who hath begun the good work in me will carry it on. And I am confident of this very thing, that He hath begun the good work in me: and the Bible says He will carry it on. O surely this will be my everlasting theme in heaven, where I shall never, never, be tired thanking and praising God and the Lamb that was slain, in whose blood my now crimson garments will be washed and made whiter than the snow.

J. WOLFE."

The following note was put into his Mother's hand when she was about to start in the mail for London, to consult a Physician on the case of her beloved child ; and short as the note appears, it is esteemed by her above every other ; for it was the first that brought the joyful assurance to her heart that his soul was safe, which was all that her soul languished to hear, and for which mercy she has never ceased to give thanks to the God of her salvation.

“God bless you, my own dearest Mother. Ah! Johnny loves you—you know in your very heart he does, and prays for you, and thinks of you, I am afraid, too often. God be with you, and bless you, and may Christ ever give you and me a comfortable assurance of his favour, and presence, and grace. I am, I trust, at *real peace* with God. I have a hope that if the Lord do take my foolish, fluttering, sinful soul, He will take it to Himself. I would write more, but you know why. God bless you ! Good night. Your own

J. W.”

SOUTHAMPTON, *December 4th.*

“My Dearest J——,

I promised to write a little note, in which I had thought of telling you of the recent change that has taken place in my sentiments, by the influence of the Holy Spirit. My late illnesses have disclosed to me what I knew not was in my heart, viz., that I did build my hopes *partly upon good works*, though I thought my hope had been entirely on Christ, so deceitful is the human heart. But, blessed be God ! I have now a peace which I never had before. Love is in my heart, and I feel that what fear and hope could not do, love has done ; and I look on that love as nothing in me, only the reflection of Christ's love, for we love Him because He *first* loved us. I would write more, my dearest J——, but I am very ill, and so weak and tired, I cannot sit up, therefore, I conclude by referring you to dear Mama for what more you may wish to know.

I remain, my dear J——, your truly affectionate

J W.”

Christmas-day Note, 1828.

(Fireside.)

“ My Dearest J——,

I write this little note to keep up the old custom between us, of writing every Christmas. I have little to say, but still to assure you of my unaltered affection, and my love for my kind friend. I will now, as I am a little bit better, tell you something more about myself. I feel very composed and happy in my mind, much more so than I thought I ever could have been, but nothing is too great for the Almighty to perform. Indeed, I feel a great change in myself, and it is marvellous in my eyes ; it is all His work, and I know I have no part in it. He *began*, and He *finished*. O! it is wondrous to me to think of His love to me, to come into this sinful world (as at this day,) and die for His murderers, saying, “ Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” Sure enough we are blind creatures, we know not what we do, we have crucified our Lord afresh, and put Him to open shame, yet doth He intercede for His own, saying, “ Lord, forgive them.” I hope my dear friend will like and accept my little Christmas remembrance, from his affectionate and loving

J. W.”

“ At the time the following letter was handed to me,” writes the sorrowful mother, “ there was an interchange between us, for our custom was to write to each other on the morning of this blissful day ; and as it pleased the Lord to bestow such grace and comfort at the same moment of such heart-rending trial, both on parent and child, each note is here inserted, to shew forth the power of the Lord, and His unlimited goodness.”

*Christmas-day Letter to my own treasure of a
darling Mother.*

J. W.

My darling Mother must certainly have a pretty note from her own love. On Christmas our blessed Saviour came into the world to die for us, so on Christmas let our thoughts be turned to Him. O! what infinite love must possess His soul to leave the bosom of the Father! O how pleasant to think that our salvation is in the hands of One who loves us thus! He has hid us in Himself, so if we suffer He suffers with us. My most darling Mother, I do not know in what terms of affection to address you. O, you are my life and my happiness while I remain

here : but there is One, even Christ, in whom I need not fear to trust. He is my rock and my support, and He is mine and I am His, and I have my life hid in Him, and my happiness will be with Him. O God be praised for ever. Amen. Amen. O Lord, how happy I am ! how blessed am I ; I feel rest to my soul from wars and spiritual fights ; I feel I am His ; I feel that in His presence there is joy. O, I feel Him in my heart, now reigning there, and Satan, as it were, chained with a very *short* chain, that he may not greatly move Christ's little one. O, I feel so happy in my own mind, I think that if I were given my choice to live or die, I should consider long that it were better to be with Christ than to remain here ; and, therefore, if it be His will, and He sees fit, I should be at once admitted to the joy of my Lord. Shall I talk of being resigned ? O, that is a small matter. I ought to be delighted and rejoiced, and so I feel I shall be as the time draws nigh. Already I feel a happiness in the thought which now and then would burst into downright delight, only the sad, sad, thought of parting with you quite overcomes me, body, soul, and spirit. O ! it is that thought makes me love to remain in this poor body, and for you alone I would love to remain in it, rather than be clothed

upon with my heavenly body ; if you were not so fond to my heart, I would go without one look back to this world of sin ; but do not think for a second I would have it otherwise ; that is my only happiness here, and it only makes me struggle more between the inner and the outer man ; one for Christ, while the other grasps in despair at the only object that could bind me to this vile earth ; and yet I love you, and will love you ; but at the very last Christ's love, or rather my love for Christ, will swallow all other love in itself. I do not think it will destroy my love at all, but only in comparison of His love it will appear nothing. Heaven is love, God is love, and Christ must be all love. He is so kind to us, and came into this world to save us ; yes, us, you and I, for I think we both have felt the earnest of His grace. And now, as you often see in me His patience, His submission, so I often see in you His strength, His resignation, and, indeed, it does comfort me to see it ; because I know He does comfort you, and will strengthen. God bless you, is the prayer of your own J. W.

*Christmas Day Note from M. W. to the dearest
treasure of her heart.*

Once more do I sit down to write to my own

Johnny, the treasure of my heart, the comfort of my life, and the dearest object to me in the whole world. To say how much I love you, my sweet, sweet boy, would be impossible ; and to say what joy, what inexpressible delight has taken possession of my soul since I am convinced that my beloved child, so tenderly loved by me, is still more tenderly loved by Christ Jesus, is far too much for a mortal being to express. O there is no joy like this ! neither are there any words to tell it. I am constantly saying to myself, "My child belongs to Jesus. I have been employed by Jesus to nurse this dear one for Him ; and now that he is nursed, and ready to go out into the world, where Satan would try by every temptation to make him his, and, if it were possible, tear him from the crown of glory prepared for him, Christ Jesus steps forward, and says, "Touch him not ; it is my Father's good pleasure to give him the kingdom : " and thence is my beloved child taken, or rather gently removed from the arms of his fond mother to the bosom of Jesus, wherein is love, joy, peace, and everlasting happiness ! O with what tenderness has the Lord God dealt with us ! For what a moment of glory did He wait to reveal Himself to you, my darling, darling

John, that your heart should be filled with heavenly peace, and mine with holy resignation, at a moment when nature would suppose our hearts were breaking ! O the wisdom and goodness of God ! Who can declare it ? You, my darling, can commit your own beloved mother to the care of a covenant God, till He thinks fit to prepare her heart for glory. Your prayers have been sent from heaven into your heart, and coming from thence have been answered, and the many sweet petitions that you, my ever darling child, have sent forth for your beloved mother will never be forgotten. Sure I am that the day will come when her afflictions, however trying, will appear but light, when compared with an eternal weight of glory. Therefore, *peace* to my child—peace, I say, to my beloved John. Cease to dwell on any earthly object. And may the God of peace be with you, my beloved boy, and guide you to the haven where you would be, is the constant prayer of your OWN, OWN, affectionate and most fondly-loving Mother,

M. W.

With this note I have filled a little basket for my Christmas present, which I hope will please my precious boy.

New Year's Gift.

M . W .

FROM HER LOVING AND AFFECTIONATE SON,

J . W .

I write this little New Year's Gift to my dearest and most beloved Mother, because she deserves much more than I have written, or could write to her.

INTRODUCTION.

I hardly know on what plan to write this little Book to my Mother. I believe on no plan at all; but just tell her what is in my own little mind; for I know my own thoughts are more precious to my darling Mother than all the thoughts of big men.

Our Father, which art in heaven,
 Hallowed be Thy name ; Thy kingdom come ;
 Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven ;
 Give us this day our daily bread ;
 And forgive us our sins,
 As we forgive them that sin against us ;
 Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil ;
 For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,
 now and ever. Amen.

O how fully do I feel that He is "my Father!"
 O what a full idea of love it gives us that He
 should permit us to call Him "our Father!" O,
 blessed be God, you feel the comfort of knowing
 Him to be *your Father* as well as me. O! that
 makes me very happy ; because I know my precious
 one to be a sheep of the fold. O think of the
 prayer I have copied from the Sayings of our
 Shepherd! I think there is new beauty in it.
 Heavenly spirits may hallow His name, and ascribe
 glory and power to His majesty. O it is a bles-
 sing that I feel so happy in my mind that I must
 not delay to tell my beloved Mother, that it may
 rejoice her to know, and to see on paper, the peace

that pervades my mind. I can hardly believe I am my own self. O, *He has changed me.* O, how I love Jesus! I am willing to go to Him, almost glad. I often think when death does come, I will shrink and wish to live ; but He is able and strong. All that makes me wish to stay is *you*, and the fear of death ; but other considerations sometimes, if not often, preponderate. *Rest, at once, is mine.*

Dec. 29th, 1828.

O the goodness of the Lord! great and wonderful it is. O how can I praise Him for His fresh mercies to me? He has brought more peace to my mind by making you so resigned. What a happiness it is to me to see that the grace of God worketh in you so continually. So that now you would not withhold your son, your only son, your only child, whom thou lovest as thyself, from God. O all this assures me that Christ has a dwelling in your heart, and you are His, and He is yours ; and He will be the everlasting portion of us both. God be praised! What more can I tell my own Mother? I am often thinking how delightful it will be, and how happy I will be, if Christ comes on this earth and will let us serve Him. O, I

fancy I should be so very happy running about to do all He bids, all I can to serve Him. O, I fancy that if He would not permit me to serve Him (that has done so much for me), my very limbs would ache; and if I might not praise Him, I would gnaw my very tongue for pain. O, I will serve Him, and praise Him as soon as I am set free from this *cloggy* body, which always weighs my spirit down to earth. Christ felt all our infirmities, the devil was constantly tempting Him. (St. Luke.) Of all the miseries of a Christian, He felt the greatest, viz. forsaken of the Spirit, which one would have thought Christ could not have been. O, as it was Christ's to feel all these sufferings for you, so may it be yours to enjoy all spiritual comfort as the fruit of His afflictions; for with His stripes we are healed, and on Him is laid our iniquity, that we, who are sinful and vile, might be made glorious and holy like Himself.

Feb. 5, 1829.

My Darling Mother,

I wish to take this opportunity of finishing my little Book to you; for whom I pray God that He will be a support and a strength

to you. O, my Mother, I am unable to write more to you ; I am so very weak, sitting up. God Almighty, with Christ Jesus and the Holy Spirit, bless you for ever and ever. Amen.

J. W.

The following note, written about the period of the foregoing little new year's gift, being in some degree expressive of that heavenly resignation which has already been so touchingly alluded to, it is here inserted, in humble and adoring gratitude to a gracious Redeemer :

M. W. to her Darling John.

The last little note that I wrote to my own darling gave him such pleasure that I thought, as my sweet treasure was sleeping so much to-day, I would indulge myself by putting down on paper how much I love him ; but where shall I find words to tell what never can be spoken ? O my darling treasure, the only and the best idea I can give you of my love is this,—that your own dear Mother can rejoice with her beloved child at the early crown of glory prepared for him from the foundation of the world ; and though flesh and blood must feel, and though my tears will often flow for my absent love, still my spirit will rejoice, and I shall always fancy that my darling is singing, and smiling, and praising God in Christ Jesus, and so full of happiness that it almost becomes a weight upon him. And then my tears will cease to flow, and some-

thing like a smile will gather round my heart, while I whisper to myself some of all thy happiness ; and then will follow such a train of peaceful thoughts, that it will be hard to say whether they be joy or sorrow. Often do I feel that I must go aside to thank God the Father for sending us a Saviour ; to thank the Son for being ready ere the Father spoke ; to thank the Holy Ghost for teaching us the way to come. O yes ; well may I step aside, indeed, when all these united Three have saved my child, and purchased him at so dear a rate. And now, my darling, good bye. I shall leave this in your pretty present to me, which I shall keep and fondly love for ever. I am your ever fond Mother,

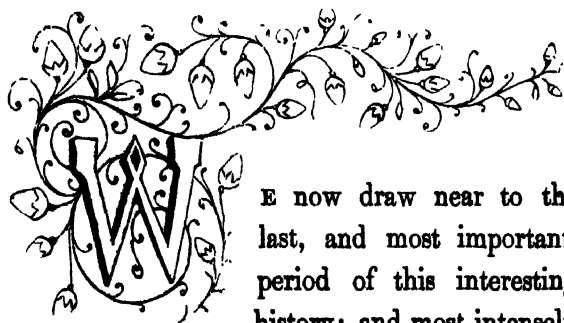
M. W.

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CHAPTER V.



E now draw near to the last, and most important, period of this interesting history; and most intensely does its deep and thrilling interest increase as we advance toward its close.

"By slow and silent, but resistless sap,
In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
Death urged his deadly siege."

The near approach, however, of the king of terrors struck no alarm. Bodily health was

weakening apace, but the inward man was strengthening mightily. This young disciple was now passing through the last spiritual furnace, and the Lord, the Refiner, was sitting by, regulating the heat and purging away all the dross, till He should behold in the precious soul the reflection of His own image. Perfection is never reached on earth. The process, however, of spiritual perfecting is carried on to its completion here below. Not one moment sooner is it hastened, not one moment longer is it delayed, than the all-wise Lord sees fit: and instantly, with his strong arm, like an obedient servant, when he is bid, Death lifts the pure and liquid gold from off the furnace, and lets it flow into the heavenly mould, to gain at once an everlasting form of loveliness and glory.

The spirit of John Wolfe was now about to be brought unto the "spirits of just men made perfect;" and it is here our high privilege to learn something of the manner in which, by the Great Spirit, it was made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. God wrought in his soul. The "work of righteousness was

peace, and the effect of righteousness was quietness and assurance for ever." The interesting particulars of the closing weeks of his earthly existence are thus graphically set before us, in letters written at the time to a beloved relative by his afflicted mother :—

Southampton, Feb. 20th, 1829.

My Dearest B——,

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- - What a different description have I to give of my dearest John's sick room. *Rest and peace* are indeed his ; but on the clearest evidences that both proceed from Jesus. My consolations are so great that they surpass what words can utter. To see that dear child, that is, *my earthly all*, talking to me as if he had already begun to feel the exquisite joys of heaven. To hear him talk of the mystical union of Christ with His children, and telling me of his sweet assurance, and how his spiritual wars and fightings are all over. That "Satan is bound with a very *short chain*," is a favourite expression of his, "lest he should *greatly* move Christ's little one." And when his poor body is suffering so much that he cannot help crying

out, he says to it, "Ah! how soon shall I be rid of you, why do you pain me so?" Then, recollecting himself again, he will say, "But not before Christ puts forth His hand to me, as He did to Peter when walking on the water, lest my faith like his should fail. He was near him, and He will be near me." His mind gets stronger and stronger every day, though he is unable to speak a word all the mornings from weakness and lowness. At seven in the evening he gets out of bed, and then seems cheerful, and at times wonderfully strong and well. He talks, and writes, and looks over all his little things till about twelve. He then goes to bed, but gets little rest, from his cough, till late in the morning, that makes him sleep late: and so the days go by with us, in a way that I hardly know; and to say the truth, I feel almost in a sort of dream, I scarce ever shed a tear; and when I do, it is only at the recollection of some endearment of Johnny's that I had not thought of before. His tender thought for me is beyond every thing. All his clothes and books he has made me collect and put up, that I might not have the misery of doing it hereafter. He has written to many of his friends. A beautiful

letter to my dear H. H., full of religious and most affectionate appeals,—another to a dear friend in England, that, Doctor Wilson says, is full of the strongest feelings of a real renewed and *experienced* Christian,—to his cousin C. a long letter of all that is valuable and good,—to his uncle —, a short note to say farewell, and to ask him to take his little pony. To you he has also written a note, telling you of the joys of his soul, every word of which will be a *treasure to your heart that time will never wear away*. Such are the occupations of my boy, that I may say he has never left my arms, nor never will, till folded in the arms of Jesus. How then can I complain, or mourn like one who has not these blessings? God forbid I should ever murmur, and I hope I never shall.

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Though dearest John has been so much confined to bed, he is not on the whole so weak as before he kept his room; nor is he thought to be near his departure, which he talks of with such composure. His face and countenance look as well as ever, no change, only more sweet—more lovely.

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You must understand, the letters I have been

speaking of are not intended by my darling child to be sent till he has entered into glory; but as I judge of your feelings by my own, I tell you of them to shew you the perfect peace that dwells in his mind, and that you may feel the same consolation that I feel, and that *all* may join in giving praise to God for His goodness. - -

- - - - -
Adieu, ever yours,

Most affectionately,

M. WOLFE.

Three of the letters here referred to, we are happily permitted to insert. They are each of them of a most instructive kind. The first is dated, we observe, on the 16th of December, and the last on the 9th of January. Thus with amazing forethought and perseverance did this pious youth labour in doing good to souls. He knew that he must soon be separated from his beloved friends, and he could not but record his intense anxiety that they should all follow him to glory. No one can read these letters without feeling that a more than human Spirit dictated their heavenly sentiments. They are indeed far

beyond his years, and evidence a heart filled by the Holy Ghost, and an intellect irradiated by His heavenly light.* Their unfeigned humility as regards himself, and their gentleness and fidelity as regards others, are alike conspicuous and exemplary.

Farewell Letter to his Cousin C-

Southampton, Dec. 16, 1828.

My Dear C.,

I write to you while I am in a very dangerous illness, to give you some advice which I fear I shall have no opportunity of repeating again, so I hope you will consider well what I say, and follow my advice so far as it is consistent with the word and will of God. Try every thing by that word. I have often wished to write to you in answer to your last few letters, which have given me a hope that my dear Charles feels a refuge in God. O! seek Him by prayer, while He is to be found. Pray Him to teach you the sinfulness of your own heart, and then you will feel your want of Christ. Never be contented, never think yourself really happy until you have felt yourself to be nothing that is good (but all

bad). O there is no happiness in this world ! and do not lean to it for happiness. True happiness is only to be obtained in heaven ; and there is but one course for all true Christians to run in this life, “ Narrow is the way, and strait is the gate, that leadeth to eternal life ;” and I trust you will be one of those that will find it. If you ever feel a comfort in praying God to give you these blessings, O ! thank Him for it. If you are any way inclined to please God, and wish to serve Him, though yet you cannot serve Him, thank Him for giving you the wish, and pray Him to enable you to perform His will. Never neglect prayer. O ! prayer is the Christian’s watchword !

January 6, 1829.—My Dearest C.,—I am now near my latter end, and I can tell you *I am happy*. I am now looking forward to *real* happiness ; and I tell you this that you may know for certain that God in Christ gives us a comfort, a support, and a hope in death that *none* other can give. Therefore, as this life is short and uncertain, and there is no real happiness in it, for all is vanity of vanities, as saith the Preacher Solomon, O ! therefore, lose not a day, for *now* is the time, now is the day of salvation. O ! may the Lord teach you Himself far

more than I could either ask or think for you, and your dear brother. Amen.

I wish to say to you, my dear C——, that when your vacations come round, and your dear aunt Wolfe has you home, you will be kind to her, and do everything you think she likes. Do not be in too high spirits. Talk to her about religion: and tell her what you think and feel. Sometimes, when you have anything to say about religion, write her a little note. Ask her to give you some little place to sit in, that you may write and read in private. Sometimes write little prayers to God: for her, for yourself, &c. &c.: this will please her and God, and spiritualize your own mind. O if you would do this, and behave yourself quietly, you would soon find yourself a happy boy. And though you might have many troubles while you are here, yet you would feel that your latter end would be peace; and your light afflictions, which are but for a moment, would work for you a far more exceeding weight of glory. You may shew this letter to W——, at the same time telling him, I should have written also to him, but I am far too weak; and this letter has been written while I was propped up in my bed. Give him my very kindest love. And

may God teach you both, and guide you through this wilderness of sin to Himself, is the prayer of your own very affectionate and loving cousin,

J. W.

· This is the last letter I shall write to you.

Farewell Letter to a near Relative.

January, 1829.

My dearest U——,

I begin to write you a letter, though I feel unequal to the undertaking. But the subject is one that urges me, and I cannot help writing to my dearest ——. O that you could view things as I do at this present; and could feel the awful importance of entering into eternity! Eternity! O think of it! It is either the happiest word that ever, ever, was spoken; or the most miserable that can be uttered. I am on the brink of eternity: and if I were not afraid of making you think that I was setting myself up to preach to you, I would tell you a great deal. Yet why should I fear? It is the best of love that makes me wish you to seek Jesus, the Saviour of souls, in the right way, before the time may come when these things may be hid from your eyes. The thought makes

me shudder, and I almost feel I could risk all the love you ever bore me, so that I might but say a few words to the saving of a soul so precious, and yet not I, but the grace of God within me. I know, and have heard you say, that my heart, and the heart of my dear Mama, were good, and that we might look up to heaven for the reward of our works. Now, I bless God that this is not the truth ; for if I looked for my reward, I dare not turn my eyes even to the footstool of His throne. No ; my heart, her heart, and the heart of every living soul is desperately wicked in the eyes of God. Psalm xiv. 2, 3 ; Gen. vi. 5 ; Mark vii. 21, 22. And those who think otherwise than what God has in His Bible said, only shew how sadly ignorant they are. But God, who has preserved my dearest U—— through so many bad illnesses, I trust has kept him that he may yet find the way to everlasting happiness. Your heart and mine are equally lost in the sight of God ; we have broken His laws, and that condemns us. But there is a Saviour. O ! there is a Saviour so good, so kind, that takes away the fear of death. That Saviour is now in my heart, saying, “It is I, be not afraid.” And, indeed, fain would my spirit flee to Him. But what I want of

you is this: to seek Christ: to say, like the man in the 5th of Luke, who came out of a certain city, a man full of leprosy, and, seeing Jesus, he fell on his face and besought Him, saying, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." O! if you will but say this short prayer day after day, and feel its truth, and from the very, *very*, bottom of your heart acknowledge that no good thing dwelleth in you, and that nothing but the free grace of God can save you, then be assured that Christ will say to you, "I will, be thou cleansed," "thy sins are pardoned," "thy iniquity is covered:" and this you will know to be true, when you feel your desires to be after Christ. This He has said to me, but not till Satan strove hard to make me his. Great and many have been His strivings with my soul. He tempted me in many ways. He made me think for a long time that I had received the grace of God in vain. My heart has been in the deep of despair. O! you little know what I have felt, and my utter wretchedness at the thought of death—to meet God as an angry Judge, instead of a reconciled Father. But, blessed be God, His Spirit strove harder still than the evil one, and I think He has quite conquered and dispelled those delusions from

my heart, and all is now peace and joy, and I can now feel a calmness, a peace, and a happiness, in looking at my departure from this vile world. Now, my darling U., I declare this truth to you, to assure you that religion is more than a name, and to tell you that Christ will answer, if you, by His Holy Spirit, continue to pray to Him. It may be long—I do not say that it will be short—for our sins make God hide His face from us for a long time ; but *never*, as I charge you by my last words, despair ; for that is telling God He is not able (whose power is infinite) to pardon you. He is able, and He is willing ; but there is much to be done, and far more to be said than any letter could contain, but the one dictated by God himself, which if we will not read and study, how can we expect to be taught the way to heaven ? O ! that I could hear you make a solemn promise that, with God's help, you would daily read a portion of His Heavenly Letter, if it were but six verses, and pray to understand them. O ! it is little use to read the Bible unless you ask to be taught its mysterious truths ; but I do not ask this promise, for much as I know your heart will be softened by reading these last lines of your once dear Johnny, time will wear away the remem-

brance. But, O Lord, grant this my prayer ; hear the petition of Thine unworthy servant, and send Thy grace into the heart of my dear, dear U——, that he may be enabled to ask Thy guidance in all things. O Lord, he is beset with worldly cares, with worldly temptations, O teach him to tell all his difficulties to Jesus, and let him feel the comfort of having a Saviour to tell them to. Give him a trust in Jesus, give him some surety that Thou wilt indeed be a Father to him. O may he never be ashamed of Thy name, and Thou wilt not be ashamed to own him. I feel I must now draw my long letter to a close. Long do I wish to postpone my last farewell, but I must now say Good-bye ; and may the God of peace be with you, and keep your whole body, soul and spirit, blameless, until the day of our Lord's appearing, is the affectionate prayer of

Your loving, loving,

J. WOLFE.

Farewell Letter to a Dear Friend.

January 9, 1829.

My Dearest * * *,

I write this last sorrowful letter to you, to take a last farewell of my beloved friend.

O! it is a painful subject to dwell upon, so I will turn to one more bright, and talk a little about my Redeemer. O, I could never view the full salvation Christ has wrought for His people till now! What a wonderful and beautiful doctrine that is of Christ's union with His saints! So that we should never say we do anything good, even by leading the most perfect life that man can lead here, for it is not us but grace that is given us. It is a doctrine that should always keep us humble—should humble us, and, in fact, be our all in all. I wish my dearest friend to know that I have felt the greatest force and comfort of this doctrine. O! to know that I am Christ's, is what upholds me now! We, my dearest * * *, have known each other two years, two years in friendship, united in Christ, and as we were both going to take our different paths through life, the one is taken, the other left. O happy me, I am the one taken, though I was the least grown in grace, and least fit for such an honour to all human eyes, but God judges not as man. God sees we are both equally wicked in ourselves, and as Christ chooses us by free grace, so He freely gives the highest honour to whom He will. But again, you may say, He has given you the highest honour,

He permits you to go out and fight against the world for Him. O! I almost fancy I have begun to strive with you in heaven, 'who has most cause to praise Him? O, I can say I bless Him that He has cast my lot in such pleasant places; but it is my dear friend's lot to struggle through this wicked world; let him, therefore, strengthen himself in the Lord. O! never think it is learning will make you fight the Lord's battles. O! as you are going to be a Minister, my dear * * *, I think you ought to accustom yourself to talk more to the poor; you must have a deal to do you do not like, to be a good and perfect Minister of the Gospel. O, I will speak plain, like a good and true friend. I think my dear * * * must overcome a great warmth of temper, that he now often displays when others differ with him on religious subjects, he must keep himself quite humble, and diligently try his heart lest pride should enter. Never permit yourself in talking on wholly spiritual subjects, to ever so ignorant a person as to this world's learning (so as he is a Christian), to look down on him, for, for all you can tell, Christ may have chosen to tell him more than thee. As St. Paul says, "The servant of the Lord must not *strive*, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach,

patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance." I say this to my dearest friend now, though I do not think he deserves it now ; but I say it because I do not see him trying to aim at this peculiar mildness, to accustom himself to understand the feelings of the poor and ignorant, which is required of a clergyman. If you only cultivate the learning of your profession, and only exercise *that* before you offer yourself as a candidate for that holy office, then you offer yourself when you are only *half* fit to take care of the souls committed to your charge. O let me now end the painful thought, hoping that as I have so magnified the little grain I see, into its imaginary fruits, you will root it out. I must now conclude by affectionately assuring my dearest * * * how fondly I have ever loved him, and by offering up a short petition for his welfare. O our Father and our God, I beseech Thee to guard and protect my dear friend from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Keep him as the apple of Thine own eye ; and though Thou mayest send him afflictions and troubles, yet, evermore give him Thy divine support, and finally bring him to Thyself to praise Thee in heaven. Amen. Amen.

Having concluded his farewell letters to his various friends, his last thoughts, his best efforts, were directed and devoted to the comforting of his mother, so soon to be bereaved. The intense desire of his heart seemed occupied with contrivances to mitigate that sorrow which he knew was about to overtake her.

The little intervals of his strength, during January and February he therefore occupied in preparing and filling a card case, with Tablets of affectionate farewells. He selected one of the usual form and construction, and when he had fitted his cards, or slips of paper, to its size, he began to write on them one by one, till it could "hold no more."

On the outside of the case he painted the following beautiful and appropriate device. In the centre he sketched a full-blown rose drooping its head over two little rose-buds, placed beneath it on the same stem. On the lid of the case he represented the same two rose-buds more bright and beautiful. The one quite at the top, and the other just above the line where the two parts of the case separate; so that, at the next opening,

that rose-bud also would become quite dissevered from its parent, with which it still seemed to be connected. At the lower part of the case he depicted a little bunch of "Forget-me-not," and neatly inscribed upon the flowing knot which tied its flowers, "M. W. from her own Johnny, 1829." Having thus finished his precious legacy of filial affection, he enclosed it in a cover which he had prepared for it of pink paper; and, having tied the whole with a sprig of myrtle, he directed it with these simple and appropriate words, "To my own Mother."

On opening this affecting memento, the Mother's eye fell upon the following note and TABLETS.

My Dearest Mother,

I hope you will like my little present: it is finished and will hold no more. You will, I doubt not, accept it for my sake, and often examine it for your own comfort. God bless you. Amen.

FIRST TABLET.

THE large Rose on the front of this little ticket case represents my dear Mother, drooping her head over two little sweets, early plucked away—But at the same time she casts up an eye of faith, and behold! one soars aloft in heavenly glory, while the other begins to use its wings and make his flight.

SECOND TABLET.

As I am able to talk so little to my dearest Mother, I will write to her a little. She knows full well how I love her, and it would be useless for me to try to tell her. I love to be writing to her when I am able, and I love to get a little note from her too. We have lately often read that beautiful chapter of St. John (the 16th), and how beautiful the 26th and 27th verses are! To think that we are now beloved of the Father Himself, whose love we have forfeited by breaking His laws! But O! the power of Jesus' blood could wash such guilty souls so pure, that an angry God becomes a reconciled Father; and we, vile dust and ashes, become heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ. Next I remark, His prayer to His Father for His disciples. And when I come to the 20th verse, how happy must I feel to hear Him

pray for *me*! for you, and all who really believe on Him. I say for *you* and *me*, because I feel His influence on my heart. I cannot believe of myself; and I have felt his Spirit, so on *that* I lay hold: and I am sure you have felt all I have felt. O, I know you are a child of God. O, my precious, how sweet 'twill be to meet in heaven little doty Lizzy! Little Johnny! And their own most precious Mother!

THIRD TABLET.

I will continue the subject I entered upon in my other little Tablet,—so to proceed:

The 24th verse next, I remark, what a sweet prayer for us to think upon: that He so loved us, and wishes to have us where He is, that we may behold His glory, which His Father had given Him from the foundation of the world! O, how sweet it will be when we are all where He is! Next, when I think of His death, which is here described, in the 18th and following chapter, O, to think he suffered all this for us! It is wonderful to think of His love, and sweet to think how He brought us to Himself, that we are His, and none is able to take us from Him. Also, I must

not pass over poor Peter's denial of Him, three times. O how often have we cause to go out and weep bitterly, as Peter did, for^d in many ways denying our Lord? Yet how good is that Lord both to us and Peter! After His resurrection He inquired particularly for Peter, and to him He gave the sweet charge, "Feed my lambs;" and He is ready to receive us.

Last, I notice what we reap from His death,—Heaven! Yes, my Mother, we reap Heaven! Heaven!

FOURTH TABLET.

My Dearest Mother,

I hardly think I have any subject to fill this little Tablet with. I believe the Scripture is the only fountain from which we can always draw. O! indeed it is a constant light, from which we may extract light. It is a guide to my soul—it points to Jesus as the way and the life, and assures me of salvation. In St John xiv. 17, Christ promises to send the Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, "whom ye know, for He abideth with you, and shall be in you:" and has He not fulfilled His promise to me? O yes! while I have any being I will

praise Him for His goodness. O ! He has indeed fulfilled His promise to me ! and will fulfil it to all His own. I will declare what He hath done for my soul. O, my Mother, though He hath smitten my body with sickness even unto death, yet what hath he said to my soul? "Thy sin is pardoned." "Lo, it is I, be not afraid." He has sent his Spirit to my heart, and the Comforter abideth with me, and will be my guide even unto death. Amen. Praised be His name for ever and ever. Amen. He is the Good Shepherd that forgetteth not the weakest lamb amongst His flock, but carrieth it in His bosom. O hath He not carried me in His bosom? Yes, my Mother, He hath borne thy little sweet, and is about to house it safe, before the coming storms of older years blight its tender frame. "No one considers that the righteous are taken away from the evil to come."

O my Mother, God bless you.

FIFTH TABLET.

I write this to my own loving Mother; let the subject be comforting to her.

"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the

things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." O sweetest Mother, I think you may be sure I love Him. O yes, I do love Him, and will it not comfort the heart of my bereaved Mother to think that One who is not man, that He should lie, has prepared such glory for thy child, as we are not so much as able to think of? O, "if you loved me you would rejoice, because I go to my Father." O my Mother, often comfort yourself with these words. Think how happy you would consider yourself if I got to be a great man, and then compare, which is the greatest elevation and the thing to be preferred for thy child, and see if the Lord hath not given it me. O then rejoice, and weep not for me, my Mother. Jesus will soon come and take you to enjoy the same glory, and we shall both enter into the joy of the Lord. O think what a happy union we shall all have as redeemed souls! All praising God the Father for giving us one Saviour and one Holy Ghost, for He, even He, is the Comforter.

I now address these last lines of my little tablet to your *own self*, hoping you will often comfort yourself with them. And may the merciful and Good Shepherd ever be the protector of my dearest Mother,

is the constant and fervent prayer of your own affectionate.

J. W.

SIXTH TABLET.

The Prayer of ————— a Dying Christian.

O Good Shepherd, that hath given Thy life for Thy little flock, be with a feeble lamb in the hour when he passeth through the valley of the shadow of death. O my Saviour, leave me not, nor forsake me, in the hour of trial. O Lord, hope of my salvation, grant my prayer. Amen.

O Lord, be with my childless Mother, and comfort her heart for ever.

E N D.

We cannot proceed to the following prayer without adverting to the ever ardent filial affection by which it was dictated. Language appears to have been too feeble to express his feelings, and feelings themselves too languid to be commensurate with his wishes.

There is not on this side heaven a more beautiful object of contemplation than parental and filial love when sanctified by the Spirit of Christ. It is the most perfect earthly picture of the heavenly condition. The mutual love of God as a Father, and of a redeemed soul as a child, forms the extatic bliss of heaven. Here is a beautiful example of that filial piety, that most grateful, most acceptable grace. He who set it is now before God. His conduct is a legacy for all who may peruse this narrative. And as they read the following fervent prayer, may their own prayers for themselves, and for all near and dear to them, be kindled by it into similar fervency.

*A Prayer to my God, concerning my dear Mother,
to which may the Lord add all wherein it
is^a defective.*

O Holy Trinity, hearken unto the prayer of a worm of the dust. O my God, my Christ, listen to the last supplication of Thy dying servant. O Lord, I am emboldened to make this prayer unto Thee, seeing Thou hast dealt so very mercifully, so very kindly, with me and my dear Mother. O none on earth can tell of Thy goodness, for it extendeth beyond the knowledge of man. All that I can say is, "Surely my cup runneth over."

O my God, Thy servant is about to obey Thy summons, and to leave this vile sinful earth, and to leave in it my most beloved Mother. Thy servant hath asked of none here to comfort her. Permit me, then, O my God, to commit her up to Thee; and I know all here is as a broken reed, on which, if one lean, it will pierce them through. O Lord, as far as it is consistent with Thy will, and her good, "grant that this cup may pass from her," and strengthen her daily in the inward life. O be such a constant comfort to her, that she may feel every affliction made up to her in Christ, every *vacancy* thoroughly filled with Thy Spirit. And

grant that she may end her days in the peaceable fruits of righteousness. O Saviour, keep her as the very apple of Thine own eye, that the evil one distress her no more till she be out of his power. Then, O blessed Saviour, Thou wilt take her to Thyself, where both she, and I, and all the saints, will spend an eternal happiness in praising Thee. O my spirit would fain be off before Thou sayest Come; but, Lord, in all this prayer, not my will, but Thine be done. Amen.

Deep are the teachings of the Divine Spirit. The preparation of a soul for eternity is His great and peculiar work. God has proposed Himself as the only pattern for His people, saying, Be ye holy, for I am holy." And it is His Spirit alone, in the day of His power, who can either adorn us with the beauties of holiness, or draw us to admire them. Many are the searchings of heart, and unlimited are the desires after holiness which he awakens. And we observe in the experience of the dying Christian, that the further he advances onward to God, the more eagerly he seeks both to be with Him and to be like Him. The nearer the needle approaches, the swifter is

its motion, to the loadstone. God is our attraction. The distant soul, indeed, may feel itself uninfluenced, but he who is made nigh by the blood of Jesus, becomes increasingly conscious of the attractive power. As his days advance, his prayers become more fervent and more frequent, "Draw me, and we will run after Thee."

Most painfully at times he feels the heaviness of his nature, the dead weight of this body of sin, which he still carries about with him. And conscious that he merits only condemnation, he can content himself with the smallest measure of grace, as far above what he deserves. At other times, when faith and hope and love are strengthened, and he is enabled to press forward on his Christian course, he takes none of the glory to himself, but ascribes it wholly to the kind assistance of his Lord, saying, *My soul followeth hard after Thee: Thy right hand upholdeth me.* Ps. lxiii. 8.

Such was the remarkable spiritual experience of this youth. He felt drawn to God by an unresisted and an irresistible attraction. He now believed firmly. He now loved fer-

vently. He now hoped ardently. God was become his all: the centre of his happiness: the fountain of his bliss. He ceased to look for anything good in himself, being convinced, and confessing with the Apostle "in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." Romans vii. 18.

But at the same time, he had now also effectually learned to look for all manner of spiritual good from God. He now knew that though the smallest blessing was too great for himself to obtain; the greatest mercies were not too great for God to give. Instead, therefore, of estimating any longer the designs and the dealings of the Lord toward him, by the natural, but erroneous, standard of his own conceptions, he now measured them by the largeness of His own gracious promises, and by the generosity of His own heavenly nature.

Looking back, therefore, upon some parts of his past experience, he felt that he had not placed that confidence which he might, and which he ought, in the willingness of God to pardon. The promise now appeared to his mind in all the

explicitness with which it was originally written, "If we confess our sins, HE is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John i. 9. Acting by a simple faith on this most gracious declaration, he called for a little book which contained the prayer he had used at Guernsey every Monday morning. Rousing his little remaining strength, he perused it for the last time : and though there was not a single sentiment in it to be corrected, nor even a word or a syllable to be expunged, yet he knew,—he felt,—that there was something to be added. It was, as if he would say, "This is all true, and well might I write thus as regards myself, but O let me also testify to the loving-kindness of my God. It was right that I should be contented with the least atom of His mercy, but now let me say to all, O taste and see how good the Lord is! He has not dealt with me after my sins: neither hath he rewarded me according to my iniquities: but as far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed my transgressions from me."

The following is a copy of the prayer, and

fully does it prove the humility of his mind and the steadfastness of his holy resolutions.

Monday Morning.

Though, O Lord, I have been cold and indifferent in the services of the Sabbath, and have sinned in Thy sight, yet O withdraw not Thy mercies from me, nor shut up Thy lovingkindness in displeasure. Though I, indeed, deserve to lose Thy favour, yet grant me the comfort of Thy help, and the joy of Thy salvation Uphold me with Thy *free* Spirit. O punish me not for my past abuses of Thy favours by utterly forsaking me. O Lord, I only ask Thee to give me grace to *strive* continually against sin, and finally to be saved. O Lord, I do not ask for my portion of peace which Christ gives to His disciples, because Thou gavest it me, and all blessings, and I abused them ; therefore, O Lord, let *this* be my punishment as long as I abide in the flesh, I shall not enjoy true happiness ; but let content, repentance, and the wish, and the striving, to overcome my spiritual enemies, be mine for Christ's sake. Amen.

Having carefully perused this prayer, he took the pen, as we believe, for the last time, in his trembling hand, and wrote under it as follows :

Southampton, March, 1829.

This prayer was written at Guernsey, under an idea that my sins had separated me from all enjoyment of the Spirit of God while I lived, and so I resigned my mind to it, feeling that my unbounded opportunities had been dreadfully abused. But I am *now* convinced that Christ will forgive them all, seeing I confess them to Him, and they are all done contrary to my will—for His will is my will—being joined to Christ—(that is, the will of Christ in me.) It is no more I that do them, but sin that dwelleth in me.

J. WOLFE.

When he was no longer able to write or to express the musings of his enraptured soul, as he lay embosomed in that “peace which passeth all understanding,” he gave expression to his thoughts in various little sketches with his pencil, which are admirably descriptive and appropriate.

He represented the sinner’s progress from the

state of nature to that of grace, by four little pictures, which we shall here describe.

In the first he exhibited a lamb, straying from the fold and wandering on a mountain side: and he placed a solitary tree in the corner, to denote the desolation around. The lamb is painted black, to signify its guilty departure from the fold. This picture is entitled "The Little Black Lamb."

The second picture presents a shepherd, bending over the lamb, as it lies in a state of exhaustion upon the ground. Overhead is seen the eye, or star of Providence, which has directed his steps to the lost wanderer. The shepherd has extended the lower end of his crook, with his right hand, over the lamb, and placed his left on its side, as if in the act of assisting it to rise, that he may place it on his shoulder. Underneath this picture he wrote: "The grass all parched up, and the little black lamb found quite faint, by a good-natured old shepherd, who had a fold of white sheep:—however, he carried it home."

The scene of the next sketch is laid in the

vicinity of the fold: and the shepherd, before he conducts it within, is shewn as carefully engaged in cleansing the lamb; one part of which is represented still black, and the other white. The fold is partly seen in one corner of the picture, and underneath are these words, "The good Shepherd washing the little black lamb white with his own blood."

The last picture brings us within the fold: and there we perceive the Shepherd seated, and playing on his lute, with his flock browsing around. Immediately beside him is the little member of the flock that had strayed, and this explanation is subjoined, "The little black lamb, washed quite white, and lying at the feet of the kind Shepherd, who has taken him into his fold."

The mind of John Wolfe was so stored with heavenly thoughts that they spread their hallowed influence over everything he said and did. His desires were all centred upon one object. The prospect of speedy dismissal from earth, and of admission to heaven, was more welcome to his spirit, than the sight of land is to the long tempest-beaten mariner. He confessed that he

was a "stranger" upon earth. Heaven he regarded as his home. He not only called it by that beautiful name : he believed, he felt, he rejoiced that it was so. In one of his favourite pictures he represents this world as a stormy ocean, and himself as a vessel making a voyage through it with the haven full in view. He entitled this picture "The Sea of Life."

Looking at this well-conceived sketch, the troubled sea is presented in the foreground with one or two vessels on its heaving billows. The large vessel in the centre, marked "No. 1," represents, "Saints on their way to Heaven." Beneath the wave is seen a secret Hand, with its finger on the helm : this is "No. 2:" and on referring to that number in the explanatory table below, we find it thus explained "Hand of Christ guiding the helm." The agitated ocean is itself next marked, and denominated "3rd, Boisterous Sea of this Life." At the top of the picture is a shining star, which is described as "4, Star to comfort." On the right, behind the vessel, is a heavy cloud, from which both rain and lightning emanate. This is called "5, The

World, and Satan's thunder and rain." On the left, whither the ship's course is steadily bent, stands a strong and well-built harbour ready to receive her. On the outmost projection of the harbour, is conspicuously placed, a beacon tower, which is numbered "6. The Lighthouse on the Harbour of Zion." Behind this Lighthouse is perceived a stair rising from the water's edge to the top of the wall, which is "No. 7. The Landing-place for the Saints. At the head of this stair are figures in the attitude of waiting, and these we learn are "No. 8. Angels to Receive." Lastly, just over and beyond the angels, are beautifully depicted open gates, and a shining sun with its outspread rays. By these he would lastly represent "9th. The Gates and Glory of Zion."

Such is his picture of life, of death, and of glory. Here is his happy home where he would be. Here is the longed for consummation of all his thoughts, all his desires, all his prayers.

The following letters, written by the afflicted Mother to a near and beloved relative, describe most graphically the manner of his last approach

to the "gates," and of his final entrance into the "glory of Zion."

Southampton, March 10, 1829.

My dearest B——,

I cannot help wishing to write to you, though perhaps you hear from your brother an account that you may understand better than my hurried lines: still I fancy no one can tell you the goodness of God to my sweet child, half so well as myself. In short, no one but myself, knows the extent. It seems as if he had only to ask his heavenly Father for an indulgence, and while he is yet speaking, it is granted. When his sufferings became so great, and that he asked for relief, it was granted. He has not suffered anything like pain this fortnight past. His cough, even, is going, and he can turn a little on each side to rest himself. His dear face has again resumed all its usual sweetness: and he talks and smiles so sweetly, you can never guess. His life, I doubt not, is preserved for some good purpose: for my once timid, retiring, John, is now quite lost in the active, zealous, advocate of the Lord Jesus Christ. He that once could not bear the sight of a stranger, now is ready

to see any one, that he may declare what the Lord has done for his soul, and what he will do for theirs. His language is the overflowing of the Spirit: and his fearless straight-forward manner of declaring the truth, and beseeching others to seek out the way to heaven, is quite past anything I can attempt to describe. But it is most awfully beautiful. He has a number of visitors here; amongst whom there was one he was particularly fond of, and wished to speak to. Well, dear friend, if you could have heard his plaintive voice in prayer: if you could have seen the earnestness of his manner, you would not, could not, say anything short of his being a most highly favoured child of God; and one to whom the Spirit gave utterance. As for me, I am lost in wonder and astonishment, to see that dear creature in such a state of happiness. O it is utterly past all I can ever tell any body. How I shall be when the sweet sound of his voice ceases I know not. I think now, I shall never grieve. Yet I fear I shall miss him more than ever. Still I shall never cease to praise my God, for giving me such assurance of the happiness of my beloved children. O my dear B——, he longs so much to see you, you cannot think. Often he says, “If I

had my dear aunt, sitting on that chair, how I would talk to her;" and again, "How I would like to pray with her!" - - - - -

Farewell! and may God for ever bless you, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate

M. WOLFE.

Southampton, March 25, 1829.

My dearest B——,

Your letter of this day has quite cheered me, as I think I can now say there is but one Spirit in our hearts, the Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that, as my dearest John says, "we are one in Christ;" and that his dear Aunt can fully understand what he wishes to say, though neither she nor his own Mother can taste of the *sweetness* of Christ's love till they are as near seeing Him as he is; for such an abiding foretaste of heaven would turn this wilderness of sin into a paradise. And he speaks what is true; for I cannot keep up with him in spiritual things. His soul enjoys such *free communion*, while mine is often fettered and bound in a most painful manner, and that my Johnny sees, and at such times he says, "Fear not, Mother, these joys will yet be yours, but the time is not come, they are

reserved for your bed of sickness and of death. You will' want no friend with you, my Mother, Christ will be your *all*, your *all*."

I must now say a few words more about my darling child, and assure you that he is suffering very little indeed ; and his heart is so rapt up in thankfulness that he cannot be said to suffer at all. His cough, thank God, is entirely gone, and he is left in *perfect peace* ; nothing to interrupt the most heavenly interchange of affection that can be experienced between parent and child. I often wish his Uncle could be in the room without his knowing it, that he might see more of the delightful joy and communion so fully experienced by this dear saint.

Farewell—remember me in your prayers, for I need them all.

M. W.

Barnstaple,

Begun April 14, ended 20, 1829.

My Dearest B——,

Though I may write unconnectedly and strange, yet it is sweet and pleasant to me to talk of

my loved one: to talk of my precious saint: to talk of my dearest, dearest, Johnny, *now in Heaven*. O there is no tongue can tell the love, the tenderness, the dutiful affection, the never-ceasing devotedness of his little heart, for his poor, poor, mother. Lost, indeed, are all her delights. Gone from her eyes the most lovely of human beings. But in saying this, O Lord my God, thou that *knowest* my heart, knowest that it *murmurs* not. My precious lamb is safely housed, free from the snares of Satan, and glorying in the triumph of his Redeemer's blood. Praised be the Lord for ever, and for ever. Amen. Amen.

O the power of God, who can declare it? How did He turn a bed of pain and sorrow, into scenes so sweetly filled with His presence, that even the very tears we shed, had in them a treasure so deep that not for all the world would we have wished them otherwise. Yes, yes, he was a highly favoured child of God; and one peculiarly loved and honoured by His people. I cannot but feel most highly gratified at all the attention, and more than interest, shewn to everything connected with him. Every one thought it a privilege to be permitted to speak to, or even to look at him. And any of his

sweet writings, that I thought it but right to shew for the comfort of others, and to set forth the glory and power of God, have been read and valued, prized and admired, beyond what I can give you any idea of. Many tears of sacred sorrow have, indeed, been shed by my brothers and sisters in the Lord. And to give you some slight idea of the extent of feeling that I speak of, I shall copy a few lines in a long note, written by the Clergyman who read the service over the remains of my beloved child.

O I fear I can never convey to you the scene of heavenly tranquillity that pervaded his last hours, and how sweetly his soul was stolen from its tenement of clay. How exactly his prayers respecting his death were answered, and how tenderly the Lord dealt with him ; the scene has never passed for a moment from before my eyes, and I can think of the very moments of his departure, accompanied as they were with all his loveliness, without shrinking at the awful terror of death. The whole of Saturday, I had a sad presentiment that it would be the last: and at times, as I was called to do little things for him, I could not help my tears from falling. One fell on his hand. He looked at it, smiled, and kissed it, saying, "These are foolish

tears, my Mother. I am better, much better to-day. I wish, O! I wish I could put you here," pointing to his bosom, and opening his little dress.

I asked him if his throat was painful. He said, "No; not in the least; my Lord and my Saviour won't let me suffer any thing." Sleep then closed his eyes. The whole of that day he never let me even wet his lips with any thing. He kept the paint brush and basket that he was preparing for my birthday present in his hands, now and again painting a little; even while he seemed to me to sleep, the dear hand still moved up and down on the basket. I prayed aloud by his side once or twice during the day, and as I implored the Almighty to be near and close to him, he would look at me and say, "All is safe and well, my Mother." Sleep again closed his eyelids, and much could not be spoken, as the difficulty of breathing still increased. When his Uncle returned from London I told him of it. My dearest John said he wished to see him. About half-past nine, when his Uncle came up, he spoke cheerfully to him; bid him sit close to him. Soon after he fell into a deep sleep, and so continued till past ten. His breathing still getting worse and worse, I was watching every movement of his face: saw his eyes

open, and look wishingly at me. As I got up to go to him, he put out both his arms, clasped them round my neck, gently whispering, in a low tone, "Mother, sweetest Mother." I thought not of its being the last embrace ; and, as his Uncle was present, I unclasped the dear hands from around my neck, and the next moment he was asleep again. About twelve o'clock there came over him a sort of gentle fluttering ; his countenance looked as if he was engaged in some pleasing dream, and his hands frequently pointed upwards. I went behind him, still fearful of the last struggle, and doubting the *tenderness* of my heavenly Father. "O ye of little faith." Shortly after he opened his eyes, I saw the expression of peaceful serenity, though, from my position, he could not see me ; but ere I had time to move, those dear and lovely eyes were closed for ever ! The gentle fluttering that I spoke of gradually ceased, his breathing became soft and quiet, his hands were folded across his breast. I knew the struggle (if, indeed, it could be called one) was past ; and we kneeled down at the side of my beloved child, to pour out the fulness of our hearts in the ear of that compassionate Saviour, who was then so sweetly leading that dear spirit through the dark

valley into realms of bliss and glory. Scarcely had we risen up, when we perceived that Jesus had indeed called, and that the sweet spirit had flown to answer ! Yes, my dearest B——, he was gone, the happiest of the happy ; and I felt, as I said to you once before, that from my arms of tender love, whence he had never yet been separated, he had passed into the bosom of his Lord and Saviour ! And dare I wish him back ? Certainly, certainly not ! In all this I acquiesce, and praise the Lord my Saviour.

After offering up a thanksgiving, I then called S—— to help me to remove my precious child, and put his night dress on him for the last time. This being done, we placed him in the same spot again ; and if death can ever be said to look lovely, it was in him. You know the beauty of his forehead. He seldom wore a cap during his illness, therefore his beautiful hair got quite into soft curls round his head, which lay so gracefully on the pillow, that those kind friends who came to visit me as I sat in the silent room, could not leave it without first saying, “O ! may I kiss that sweet forehead ?” And, indeed, his endearing ways were fully felt by all who knew him at Southampton. Respect-

ing his funeral, my dearest B., it was deeply gratifying to hear our kind friends say they were anxious to attend a service where such sure and certain hope, prevailed in every individual, of the happiness of the blessed spirit ; and when I heard there was a wish expressed that the dear remains should be deposited in the quiet and secluded Churchyard of Milbrook, which is only a short distance from this place, and that it would become the favourite walk, and the spot of care and endearment to those who loved to hear the sound of his voice, I felt a secret pleasure I thought not of before. I then, and not till then, did wish a stone, such as every one should like, and that all should be gratified by attending the loved remains to its lone resting-place. In this, and every wish of mine, his dear Uncle most fully acquiesced. He chose a suitable monument, which should enclose the whole of the grave, and thereby preserve it entirely. I cannot exactly say what is to be put on the stone, but the only lines I wrote were as follows, taken from a favourite book of my precious child's :—

"He was brought to the cross, when his young cheek was blooming,

And raised to the Lord the bright glance of his eye ;
And when o'er its beauty death's darkness was glooming,
The cross did uphold him, his Saviour was nigh."

I enclose you the touching letter I spoke of, written by the Rev. Mr. H. (to a friend of his own), the morning after he had consigned the loved remains to the silent tomb. It is a beautiful letter, and will shew you the deep feeling even of those who had never beheld him. - - - .

"Friday Morning, April 10.

Quarter past Six.

My very dear Friend,

My heart has been much too sad to allow me any rest, or, at least, any continued rest during the night. The solemnity of darkness added much to those feelings which burned in my heart. I can scarcely analyze the reason that I should sit down so very early this morning to write to you ; but I feel that you deeply sympathize with those that mourn. You, or, at least, the world may say, I seem immoderately to feel the loss of one I was never

privileged to behold ; but, my dear friend, I think you will believe me when I say, I cannot describe how *very dear* the memory of so sweet a spirit is to me. I am comforted to think that it is not a sin, but a privilege, to sympathize ; for if one member suffer, are not the other members to suffer with it, if they be in a healthy state of mind ?

I am sure none could have loved the dear departed one so intensely as his dear, dear, now bereaved Mother. O ! I am quite afraid I should never have loved him so purely, as the grace, and blessed Spirit of God enabled her to do, and now enables her to love his sainted spirit, and long, in the Lord's good time, to be re-united to those sweet ones that are "not lost, but gone before."

The little dear ones have been borne across the flood ; we are hastening to the margin. May you, my dear Christian friend, and I, and especially that dear one, whom you love and wish to comfort, be borne in the arms of Christ's tender mercy to that period in peace ; and, if the Lord will, in such sweet assurance of hope, as our dear *little brother* had. When I started from my bed, at a quarter before five this morning, I thought I saw the men retiring too early from their watch o'er his lone resting-place ! But I

soon thought, O ! his blessed spirit is now filled with joy ; and, if it could be, he would sorrow that we grieve so much for him, when we have so unclouded a hope he is with Jesus, whom he loved so dearly upon earth. When I left you last night, I could not, though I felt that you wished me, go to rest. The whole day flitted again and again before me. I seemed as one too full of interest. (I mean much more than interest ; pray supply a word for me.) I hope I never may, I think I never can, forget it.

May the God of peace be with your spirit, and, when called upon to minister to one that needs comfort, may God supply you from the fulness of that Spirit, which, I trust, shall abide with you for ever. Amen.

W. H."

Extracts from the Will of J. W.

JANUARY, 1829.

My dearest Mother, I write this little note, and leave it in my box, in order that you may know a few wishes I would like you to do for me. My own little Pocket Testament I love above all my other Books, so *that* I hope my dearest Mother will accept from me, and it will comfort her often. Next, my little Music Hymn Book I got from you, I always liked; so keep that for your *own self*, and sing the little hymns on your lute, and, if little spirits are permitted to listen, Lizzy and I will often hearken, and in sweet perfection chant on our golden lutes those praises you appear but to lisp while here. I love my little book "The Dairyman's Daughter," and had it bound for you. My own Watch, with three seals and key, I know you will keep and love: Let them be an affectionate gift to my own Mother, and all my other little things that you like,—these excepted, with your consent. Give my dear J—— my three books: viz.—"Cruden's Concordance," "Polyglot Bible," and "Bishop Horne on the Psalms," three volumes—for me, and a letter directed to him.

Send my letter to dear Mr. C——, with my little Book of Sacred Poetry. * * * * *

Send Uncle H—— my little Book, "Hopkins," by Rev. W. Wilson, D.D., and beg of him to read it for my sake, especially from the 130th page, and believe it to be true. Also

give him my most precious little Gold Pin with Emerald and Pearls, and tell him I loved it very much, because it was given me by you, and I have often worn it in my bosom. If there is a letter in my box to him, send it, of course. Give my dear C—— my “Doddridge’s Family Expositor,” and I hope he will study the Scriptures, and be a godly and useful Minister in the Church of Christ. Give W—— “James’s Father’s Present.” Give my dear Aunt J—— my Silver Knife, and C—— the “Dairyman’s Daughter.” Give my dear Aunt B—— my Red Purse, and Uncle R—— my little Gold Pin. Also to my dear Aunt H—— give the little Scripture Box, which is folded up in my desk. I have labels written for all my different books, which I wish to give my dear friends. My three parcels of letters, &c. &c. in my box, you may do what you like with. I hope, my dearest Mother, if it will not teaze you, you will keep my own affectionate little Dog “Hampton.”

I would wish to dispose of the remainder of the Money my dear Grandmama left me, thus:—First parcel, as folded up, I would wish you to spend, in the best way you can, for the spiritual and temporal benefit of the poor in Ireland: (I think partly to a Society, partly to the Scripture Readers, and partly to the bodily wants of our own poor).—Second parcel, I would like you to send Mr. C.—And the Third, I would wish my dearest Mother to accept of for her own self.

J. W.

In the little pocket Testament, so especially bequeathed, were written the following lines:

“HOLY BIBLE, ^oBOOK DIVINE,
PRECIOUS TREASURE, THOU WERT MINE!
BUT NOW THOU’RT HERS I LOVED,
MY MOTHER!”

“This little Testament will comfort and support”
“you, when all earthly friends must fail. It is a”
“sure friend in life, in health, in sickness, and in”
“death. It has led me to the borders of Jordan,”
“where I *must* part with it, to meet my Saviour.”
“I leave it now to you, as a little compass to”
“guide you to ‘the peaceful, happy shore’ where”
“you would be, my Mother.”

“How many painful days on earth
My fainting spirit numbered o’er;
Now I enjoy a *heavenly* birth,
I am not lost, but gone before!
J. W.”

In the cover, carefully enclosed, or rather concealed, were found two short prayers, and a little note to his Mother, but these we are not permitted to insert; they were evidently intended as a *last* whisper of affection, after the loving heart that dictated them should have ceased to beat.



Oh, happy, happy youth ! Thy conflicts are over,—thy warfare accomplished,—thy victory won ! Safe in the bosom of thy God and Saviour, rests thy pure and gentle spirit ! Now may we think of thee, with thy little loving sister, “chanting on thy golden harp, in sweet perfection, those praises thou couldst but lisp while here !” Sing on, sing on, sweet spirits, sing your Hallelujahs high : and glory, and honour, and thanksgiving, and praise be ascribed unto God and the Lamb, for ever and for evermore. Amen. Amen.



A p p e n d i x :

CONTAINING



- I. A LITTLE SCRAP - BOOK.**
- II. EXTRACTS FROM MEDITATIONS.**
- III. BOOK OF PRIVATE PRAYERS.**



SCRAP-BOOK.

PREFACE.

TO MY DEAREST MAMA, I GIVE THIS
LITTLE BOOK,
AS A TOKEN OF MY LOVE TO HER :
I THOUGHT
IT WOULD PLEASE HER
TO HAVE A LITTLE BOOK WRITTEN
BY HER VERY LOVING SON,



JOHN WOLFE.

A mother's eye to watch me,
A heart to feel for me ;
A mother's care to keep me,—
Thrice happy me !



SCRAP BOOK.

Love.

God is Love ! a being made of love ! and we his creatures !
O how happy should we be to have a God, all powerful,
made of love ! Love is the sweetest sound on earth ; to love
we owe our redemption. Love it was that brought Jesus
down from heaven ; and love is to be our motive or rule,—

“ LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF.”

A Prayer.

O MERCIFUL God, accept our petitions ; open our eyes that
we may see Thy Holy Word. We are naturally blind and
cannot see. Thou alone can make us whole ; say but the
word, “ Receive your sight,” and we shall be blessed indeed :
through Jesus Christ. Amen.

“ See Israel’s gentle Shepherd stands
 With all engaging charms;
 Mark how he takes the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.”

State of Mankind.

MAN! miserable Man, is (to use a simile) dead ; yea, he is dead in sin ; none can raise him from the dead save Christ. O Lord, save us who are dead : O make us alive in Christ ; graft us in him.

Sin,

THE bitterest foe of Man. His ruin. ’Twas it that killed him. Christ is strong, and can overcome Sin, and then make us alive. We miserable sinners, we are dead. FIRST : He gives us life. SECOND : He makes our conscience feel. THIRD : He pardons, and we are at rest. So let it ever be. AMEN.

Man, Dead.

MAN is spiritually dead in Sin ; he is like a man in debt, far, far beyond what he is able to pay ; he is not only poor, but proud ; he wont condescend, indeed his nature is so corrupt he cannot, for he has exchanged wealth and virtue for poverty and vice ; and how can vice, which is of the Devil, think a good thought, say a good word, or do a good action ?

Christ's Office.

To save all that are His with a certain salvation. Their sins being as red as scarlet, He shall wash them in His blood, and give them a robe of righteousness, a wedding garment. O may this be our happy lot, my dearest Mama, and then we shall spend a happy eternity with God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, ascribing glory, honour, praise, to THE LAMB and to God for ever and ever. O keep us, we beseech Thee. O Lord, make a hedge of thorns on the side of the way, and keep us in Thy fold, for the wolves of this world would tempt and destroy us. O Holy Spirit, bless the word, and it shall heal our bleeding souls; bless the word, that we may not hear and read in vain. Have mercy upon us and save us. Keep us from all temptation; and at last may we see the glory of Heaven, and dwell there for ever and

A Prayer.

O God, from whom cometh all excellence, Thou Author of Life, be pleased to shine and give light and life to me, who am in darkness and am dead. O quicken us miserable sinners, and make us alive in Christ. O bless masters and servants, parents and children, kings and subjects. O bless the ministers of our land; enlighten their hearts; may they,

while they teach Thy people, be taught of God ; O make religion to shine amongst us ; especially in our hearts. Bless all our relations and friends, through Christ. Amen.

Prayer.

PRAYER is like sending a letter to God, the means by which we may hold intercourse with him. O what a blessing is prayer, to have a God who writes to us, and to whom we may send a letter, for he has written a long letter to us, and O will we not answer it ?

Love.

THOUGH here imperfect, how delightful ! but when on the shores of Heaven we land, O then the soul will become love itself, for God is love, and God and Christ are the same, and we shall be made like Christ at the last day, if our lot be fallen on a good ground ; if He is to be our foundation, we shall not be greatly moved. O may this be the case.

Pray Always.

It should be indeed our happiness to employ time in prayer. We will never be sorry we prayed so much when giving an account to God. You need not say

I lost most of my time in praying, but rather, Lord, by the help of thy Holy Spirit, I prayed oft, thou knowest ; yet I am an unprofitable servant. '

A Prayer.

BLESSED JESUS ! I come to thee, a poor, weak, tender creature. I believe all I read in thy Word. I trust thy Spirit will help me, and keep me from harm. I flee to thee as a helpless lamb to its Good Shepherd. O receive me, and grant my prayer. Amen.

Faith.

FAITH is the sinner's guide, a compass given by God ; it points to Jesus, bids us trust in him. Works are the proof that it is given. Without faith we cannot enter Heaven.

A Prayer.

WE beseech Thee, O Lord, to grant us the Spirit of Prayer, that we may worship Thee, who art a Spirit, in Spirit and in Truth. Without Thy Holy Spirit we are dead in sin: it is Thy Spirit that quickeneth the Soul. O may it quicken ours. O Holy Spirit, bless us miserable sinners. Keep us from all evil. O Christ, save us in the great day. Clothe us in Thy righteousness, which is spotless. Amen.

A Prayer.

HAVE mercy upon us, O Lord, save us, teach us by Thy Holy Word, and keep us while here on earth. We beseech Thee, bless us. O make us to know what Thy holy will is, and make us to do it; change our corrupt wills; make us clean hearts. We being washed by the washing of regeneration (viz. baptism) which was ordained of Christ, O create in us a new heart, that which is taught by Thee, which will follow Thee. O be pleased to grant these feeble petitions, as far as they are consistent with Thy holy will, through Christ. Amen.

Concluding Prayer.

ALMIGHTY God, look with mercy on all mankind. Grant that Thy Holy Word may conquer nations. O that the Bible would be the guide of all men! O Lord, help those who labour in our country for the advancement of Thy glory. Grant that the people may receive the Word with joy. Make it the means of the salvation of many, that they may be brought within the fold of Christ. Keep them and us for ever and ever, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Extracts

from a

Book of Meditations.

TO MY DEAR MAMA.

I do not dedicate this little Book to you to tell you how I love you, as you and I live in the sweetest affection that can bind Mother and Son, friend and friend, companion and companion. We are, indeed, bound by every tie, not omitting that great tie, Christian love and fellowship. Therefore I direct the conversation of these pages towards God. * * * * *

* * * * *

J. W.

Ask, and it shall be given you.

If an earthly father said to his child these words, would he not say to himself, "Let me think, my father says he will give me whatever I ask ; why, I want this, or that, I will go and ask him for it." Alas ! we do not so ; we know that we want not food but appetite—appetite to eat that which will really strengthen us. Then help us, Holy Spirit, Thou Author of life, of holy desires, to pray that the great Physician may heal our souls, and give us a holy hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me.

Are these the words of the Lord to us? Yes. Then should we not be melted in love and gratitude at His saying—"*Blessed is he ?*" Blessed art thou if thou art *not* offended with thy Benefactor, thy Saviour, who suffered so much for you ! Wonderful indeed ! yet we see in ourselves a great tendency to reject Christ. Sin—sin !—it hath made us the miserable beings we are ; but if we follow sin, sin will give his wages, *death* ; but if we follow Christ, He will give us His wages, eternal life. I trust we will alway follow after Christ, with His assistance. Amen. Amen.

Lord, Thy pound hath gained ten pounds.

This is the answer of a servant to his Lord—a fit answer for every true believer at that great day. Christ hath given us talents—at least all of mankind who hear the Gospel preached. O may we improve them to the glory of Christ, and the good of ourselves and mankind! Mark the answer of the servant: “**THY pound.**” He does not say, my pound, my industry, hath gained ten—but “**THY POUND** hath gained ten;” giving all the glory to Christ, who gave the pound, and the power to make use of it, or else what profiteth the pound?

Jesus wept over the City.

Behold! O hard is the heart, indeed, which does not feel love for One who loved us so much that He wept over our unbelief; for that City was faithless. He saith, “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!” What amazing love and humility of our Lord to come down from the very bosom of the Father, to offer to gather us under His wings! Let it not be said of us, “we would not.” In that great day how different would we view our actions, if we had done what the world now calls rational, sensible; but the world often brands the religion of Christ with enthusiasm, &c. &c.

My house is a house of prayer.

The house of God should be considered by us all as especially His, and such we should make it ; going there to raise our hearts and hands to God, to ask whatsoever may seem to His fatherly goodness to be best for us, bringing our troubles to Him, and spreading them before the Lord, and begging of Him to settle all our difficulties the best way for His glory and our good. We should make it a place to render thanks to God for all His mercy and all His lovingkindness to us and to all men. Through Christ's intercession may our prayers be accepted.

But ye have made it a den of thieves.

Alas ! alas ! how often do we do this in our thoughts ! In that way we make it a den of all wickedness. How just was the rebuke of our Lord directed against us ! O, if we could but know how often we grieve the Holy Spirit of God by our wicked thoughts we would be indeed humbled in the dust, if we took a right view of them ; but, alas ! we cannot without the grace of God. O Holy Ghost, grant us that grace which will enable us to view those sins which we can see in a right light. Amen.

Well done, good and faithful servant.

This is the answer of our blessed Lord to those that are faithful over a little. By this we see that we are lent something by God to improve or abuse. So many talents—one hath more, another less ; but more is expected from him that hath more, less from him that hath less, with this promise : “ To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne,”—“ Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” He saith, also, if any lack power or grace to withstand the wicked one, ask of God ; for if your parents give you that ye ask, how much more will God give you that ask His Holy Spirit ? He that asketh not, is it not his own fault ? Unto such will God say, “ Because I have called, and ye refused ; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded—I also will laugh at your calamity.” He then is justly condemned, God’s justice is shewn in him ; but in him that is sayed, God’s mercy ; for it was He that gave us that talent by which we believed and were saved. Therefore to Him be all glory, might, power, honour, and majesty and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.

Our state is plain, our condition wretched, if we do not attend to that small still voice. O God, how often do I despair—that voice is so “ still,” and Satan so noisy.

Our Father, which art in heaven.

O Almighty God, we beseech Thee to listen to the prayers of sinful beings, and accept them for Christ's sake, who died for such. Be a father to us, that we may say with truth "Our Father." Be a protector to us from all the assaults of the devil and the world against our spiritual life. Be a rock of defence and a strong tower to those that trust in Thee. O the exceeding great love of Christ, when He bids us say with him, "Our Father, which art in heaven," as if we were equal to him! Brothers, sisters with Christ, sons of God! What love! Amazing!

Hallowed be Thy name.

To praise, worship, and obey God, was man sent into this world. But, alas! how short he fell of it. Instead of praises, he follows after his own desires and feelings, worshipping stones and wood, silver and gold; loving and seeking the things of this life before the things of eternity. Nevertheless, Christ came to save even such as I, telling them to worship the true and living God in spirit and truth, teaching the holy truths of the Bible, and teaching how to pray, how to obey, how to praise God, the God of longsuffering, and who is abundant in mercy, to all those who come to Him through Christ.

HALLOWED BE THE NAME OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

Thy kingdom come.

O Lord God, whose kingdom is everlasting, whose power infinite, grant that Thy kingdom may come, that Thou mayest be the King of our hearts and souls. Put down the terrible usurper of Thy throne, the devil. Grant us grace to resist him, and do Thou dethrone him, taking the kingdom into Thy own hand, and giving Thy subjects a love for Thee, that they may fight strongly against the great enemy of their souls. Grant these imperfect petitions as far as is good, and add all that is sufficient for our spiritual welfare, through Christ. Amen.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

O holy Trinity, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep Thy commandments, and to do Thy will. We pray that Thy will may be done, because it is a blessed will, always for the good of those who obey and fear and love God, following the path struck out (in the Bible) by Christ, who it is that worketh in us by his Holy Spirit. O Lord, grant us that Holy Spirit, that it may overcome the old man in us, and that we may be made a new man, through Christ. Amen.

Give us this day our daily bread.

In two senses we may say this prayer : First, Give us this day that bread which is necessary to keep our bodies alive and in health. Second, Give us this day that bread which is necessary for the sustenance of our souls. O Lord, give us the bread of life, the food of our souls, and Thy grace to digest it for us, so that it may keep our souls alive until the day of our dissolution, until we reach those happy, blissful shores, where those that hate us molest our peace no more. There alone it is where trouble ceases, on that happy, tranquil shore : there those that love Thee meet to part no more. Amen. Amen.

Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.

We should all recollect what prayer we have prayed when we say these words. They are the words that our Lord taught us. O how forgiving should we be ! Christ saith, “forgive thy brother until seventy times seven.” O Lord, give us that grace which will enable us to do so ; and, O Lord, peradventure we have few that trespass against us, yet, if we forgive those few through the grace of Christ, wilt Thou not forgive us many transgressions ? Grant it, O God, for Christ’s sake ; to whom, with Thee, and the Holy Spirit, be all glory. Amen.

**Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us
from evil.**

O Lord, lead us not, nor permit us to be led, into temptation ; but, on the contrary, deliver us from evil, for Christ's sake. Grant, we beseech Thee, O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, that we may receive Thy Holy Spirit. Send Thy heavenly grace to us, that we may shew forth the fruits of the Spirit. Grant this, and all other things that Thou seest fit for us, all for Jesus Christ's sake, by whom we hope to be saved, and to whom be glory, honour, and praise, for ever and ever, with the Father and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

**For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory
for ever. Amen.**

Most blessed is it that it is so. Thine, O God, be all glory whatsoever, whether in heaven or earth, in the salvation of thy poor creatures. To Thee be it all ascribed, letting us cry, "Not unto us, O Lord ; not unto us ; but unto Thy name be everlasting glory." O Lord, assist us in all our feeble endeavours to set forth the glory of Thy name, now, and for ever. Amen.

CONCLUSION.

I know that my Redeemer liveth,

O that I, and all, may know that our Redeemer lives. Let us beseech Him to be our own Redeemer. O Lord, if Thou canst, that is, if Thou wouldst, plead for so sinful a sinner as me, O Lord, do,—and sanctify me with one drop of Thy blood, and I *shall* be clean, and accepted of Thy Father, whom Thou hast said is the Father of all who love Him and obey His commandments.

EXMOUTH:

November 16, 1827.

Book of Private Prayer,

FOR MY OWN USE,

J. W.

EXMOUTH:

May, 1826.

MORNING PRAYER.

MONDAY, THURSDAY.

O most gracious Lord, who hast spared us to see the light of another day, we thank Thee for all Thy mercies, for Thy Sabbaths which Thou hast ordained to be kept by us holy, and a day separate unto the Lord. O that we may this week be enabled to worship Thee, and serve Thee in all that we do, praising Thee for all thou hast given us. O Lord, I beseech Thee to regard with Thy Fatherly eye my dearest Mama, and grant that she may be always blessed with Thy protection and guidance, that she may love and serve Thee always. Also remember my dear friend, who has been and is a true friend to me, grant that he may always serve Thee. To this end, O Lord, grant him an abundant measure of Thy grace, especially if he ever feed any of Thy flock. All my dear friends do Thou befriend, especially one with whom I have often enjoyed Thy Sabbaths ; and grant all these imperfect requests for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER.

MONDAY, THURSDAY.

O most holy, just, and upright God, be pleased to hear us when we call upon Thee, and when Thou hearest forgive, and answer. We thank Thee that Thou hast preserved us through this day; and O that as Thou hast been so mindful of our bodily wants, and hast supplied them with such bounty, so, O merciful Father, give us freely of Thy grace, and supply our spiritual wants with the same bounty. O remember all that I would remember before Thy throne; O that we could all keep the blessed Saviour in our thoughts more. We thank Thee for all Thy mercies, which are far, far more than we could expect from Thee. Lead us out of all temptations, we beseech Thee; purify our minds, and help us to continue in the faith of Christ till life be ended, then receive us to glory as penitent sinners. Amen.

MORNING PRAYER.

TUESDAY, FRIDAY.

Our Father which art in heaven, be pleased to accept our praises for Thy mercy during the past night, and help us this day, not only to say Hallowed be Thy name, but also to hallow it by our actions, words, and thoughts ; and to enable us so to do, grant that Thy kingdom may come into our hearts, that Thou being the king in our hearts we shall then do Thy will on earth as it is in heaven. Keep us this day from all sin, and pardon the sins we do commit. Add all that would be beneficial to our souls' health, for Thy dear Son's sake, to whom, with Thee, and the Holy Ghost, be everlasting praises, Amen.

Eschew evil. Cleave unto that which is good.

Love one another. Repent. Remember thy Creator.

EVENING PRAYER.

TUESDAY, FRIDAY.

O Lord, who art of long-suffering patience with sinners who have rebelled against Thee, we thank Thee for the mercies of the past day; pardon our sins, negligences, and ignorance, and, O be pleased to love us freely, and give us grace to love Thee who first loved us. I thank Thee for thy tender mercies to me, O my God; Thou hast been a father to me, yea, a tender, tender father, Thou hast taught me to know Thee, whom to know (and obey) is life eternal itself. O that I had a heart grateful to praise the Lord for His benefits. Praise the Lord, O my soul. It is of Thy mercy we are not consumed, for if we appear so odious in our weak, partial, and finite eyes, what must we appear in the eyes of Thee, before whom the heavens are not clean. O Lord, I dare not address Thee at all, but for the intercession of Christ Jesus, through whose blood I trust my imperfect petitions will be purified and accepted; but

since I have taken it upon me to speak to the Lord, I will say, O Father, be pleased to watch over my dearest Mama in all her goings in and out before Thee, guard her as the apple of Thine eye, all through Christ, I beg. Amen.

MORNING PRAYER.

WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY.

O Thou that seest every thing, and hatest nothing that Thou hast made, as Thou seest me, be pleased to look on me with eyes of mercy and pardon : just reason Thou hast not to pardon me, but in Jesus Christ's name I come, saying, pardon me for the sake of thy dear Son ; wash out all my iniquities as a thick cloud, and blot out my sin as a cloud ; fulfil, O Lord, the desires of Thy servant (if I may call myself by so honourable a title) as may be most expedient for him ; help me this day to walk as in thy sight. May my dear Mama, and I, love Thee as our Father, serve Thee as our Master, depend and trust on Thee as our Shepherd: this, and all other mercies I beg for Christ's sake. Amen. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us all.

EVENING PRAYER.

WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY.

Our Father, which art in Heaven, deliver us from evil, and from all the deceits of the Devil, defend us from that immortal enemy who goeth about seeking whom he may devour; O Lord, a helpless lamb, I cry to Thee: wilt not Thou answer, and save me? Thou, to whom belongeth mercy and forgiveness? O Lord, I knock at the door, crying to be let in for Christ's sake, who hath promised the milk and honey without price, and hath said, Ho! every one that thirsteth, come buy wine and milk, without money and without price. O give me more of that hungering and thirsting after this milk and wine which Christ offers to all. O Thou, Lord Jesus, who art the great Physician of the Soul, give me this food, this heavenly manna, give it to me, and all I love, and grant that, as Thou hast provided much milk and honey, so there may be many to come and eat of Thy supper, and live; grant all, for Thy own sake. Amen.

MORNING PRAYER.

FRIDAY, SATURDAY.

Almighty and merciful Father, Thou hast spared me to see another day, grant that I this day may live with Thee more in my mind than I have done ; more to Thy glory, and my own real good, grant me Thy grace, therefore, that I may be able to serve, love, honour and praise Thee with my spirit, which is Thine, and which is my reasonable service to Thee. Remember my dear Mama with Thy almighty, everlasting, and merciful love, wherewith Thou lovest those that try to serve Thee, and pray to Thee, through Christ, to be enabled so to do , grant these imperfect requests, for His sake who redeemeth the faithful.

EVENING PRAYER.

FRIDAY, SATURDAY.

O Thou, most highest, who art above all, I thank Thee that Thou hast spared us to the end of another day (or week); O, be pleased to forgive us all our sins which we have this day (or week) committed. (Sat.) Grant that we may be enabled to keep Thy Sabbath holy, that we may worship Thee to-morrow in Spirit and in Truth. O, remember not, Lord, our offences, nor our sins, but be merciful and gracious to us, for His sake who redeemeth us. O Lord Jesu Christ, be pleased to make us entirely Thine; Set up Thy throne in our hearts, and grant that my dear Mama and I may ever obey Thee, trust on Thee, and love Thee. O Holy Ghost, do Thou come and enlighten our hearts, that we may be able to see clearly all the truths contained in the Holy Scriptures, and so to apply them to ourselves, that we may live in the fear of God, and grow in grace. And to Thee, the Father, and our blessed Lord Jesu, be all the glory, now and ever. Amen.

SUNDAY MORNING PRAYER.

Lord of Sabbaths ! Holy, holy, holy God ! we thank Thee that Thou hast spared us to behold another Sabbath. O be pleased to forgive us all the sins of the past week. Grant that I may be able to keep my thoughts on Thee this day ; direct my feet in Thy paths. O that I may be enabled to teach in the school this day, that Christ died for sinners, and, O bless the children* that they may understand

* An interesting incident, which occurred within the last few months, bears precious evidence of how truly this prayer was answered.

A young man at E——, himself a devoted Sabbath School Teacher, having lately occasion, at a meeting of the teachers, held March 26, 1848, to give an account of his early connection with the school, made this touching allusion to the subject of this memoir: “My first teacher was a “young gentleman, who was very kind to us, and had us “to his house one evening in the week to teach us, gave “us supper, and had a swing between two trees in the “garden where we used to play. I often look at the trees “now, and remember him. Few schoolboys have had such a “teacher. I heard afterwards that he was gone to heaven ; “and since I myself have been a teacher I have often thought “that if his spirit could look down on me, and see me as I “now am, and how I am employed, he would indeed rejoice.”

and 'the teachers that they may explain, the Bible. Help all Thy ministers this day in a faithful discharge of their duty, especially those who labour in this place. Pardon the sins of ministers and people, for Thy dear Son's sake, to whom, with Thee, and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory. Amen.

Hence ye vain cares and trifles fly !

Where God resides appear no more :

Omniscient God ! Thy piercing eye

Can every secret thought explore.

MORNING HYMN.

Great God, this sacred day of Thine,
Demands my soul's collected powers ;
May I employ in work divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours.
O may Thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

EVENING HYMN.

Yes, we praise Thee, gracious Saviour,
Wonder, love, and bless Thy name;
Pardon, Lord, our poor endeavour,
Pity, for Thou knowest our frame;
Wash our souls and prayers with blood,
For by Thee we come to God.

SUNDAY EVENING PRAYER.

O Thou, who givest us all blessings, I thank Thee for all the mercies of this Sabbath. O pardon our coldness and indifference towards Thy worship, but do Thou accept that which was according to Thy will, and pardon that which was not. O Lord Jesus, who redeemeth Thy people, do Thou wash our prayers, cleanse our hearts, and enliven us to Thy service by Thy blood; and present us, our prayers, hearts, and thoughts, being sanctified by Thy blood, to Thy Father, who is merciful and gracious to all who call upon Him; grant that we may keep Thee in our hearts, thoughts, and lives this week, that many may this night think over their state, and be converted to the only living and true God, amongst whom may there be many, many of my relatives and friends, &c.; remember them and us, O God, when Thou comest to judge the world, remember, Lord, in mercy, him who now tries to enter in at the strait gate, and suffer him not to be cast away as not worthy of eternal glory. O Jesus, let thy blood sanctify his endeavours, so as to be accounted for deeds. Amen.

SHORT PRAYERS

VARIOUS PERSONS AND OCCASIONS.

FOR RELATIONS.

O Lord, remember all my dear relations, and lead them to thy throne, supplicating for grace that they may serve the Lord: strengthen those that *do* stand, and raise up them that fall, for Christ's sake, and the glory be all Thine, for ever and ever. Amen.

FOR A DEAR AUNT.

O Lord, be pleased to favour my dear Aunt with Thy heavenly grace, grant her all that may be for her good, bless, keep, and protect her for ever, and receive her to glory when she departs this life. Amen.

FOR UNCLE H. H.

O Lord, watch over my dear Uncle, and grant that he may be kept by Thy Holy Spirit, amidst all the temptations, troubles and pleasures of this vain world, from partaking in its guilt and ruin. O grant him Thy grace to change his ways, and to think what he came into this world to do. O blessed Jesus, I beseech Thee for thy own dear sake, shew forth Thy grace in him, that he may praise his Redeemer who liveth to save him. O GRANT this, I do beseech Thee. *Amen. Amen.*

FOR AN UNCLE.

O Lord, have mercy on all those that try to follow Thee, and grant that my dear Uncle may so follow the commands of Christ as to obtain His promises hereafter ; grant him all that may be for his eternal good and present happiness, for Christ's sake. *Amen.*

FOR ALL UNCLES AND AUNTS.

O merciful God, who art willing to pardon those that repent, grant that all my dear relations and friends may repent of their sins, and do thou accept

their praises and prayers, for Jesus' sake, to whom, with Thee, and the Holy Ghost, be endless praises, now and ever. Amen.

FOR A FRIEND.

O Almighty God, be pleased to protect and guard all Thy servants, especially my friend, who, I trust, is a servant of Thine, with Thy heavenly grace; grant him Thy spirit, that he may follow Thee as a *faithful* servant, for Christ's sake. Amen.

FOR A FRIEND.

Be pleased, O Lord, to keep my friend through life, that, as he has been called early to a knowledge of Thee, so he may be to Thy glory all his days; grant him all that may be good for him, for Christ's sake. Amen.

LAST, FOR ALL MANKIND.

In mercy, Lord, incline and grant our poor sinful race a more perfect light of Thy truths contained in the Scriptures, raise up those that can teach us. Send forth Bibles and Missionaries to the heathen, and give more than abundant success to our labours. Amen.

FOR MINISTERS, TEACHERS, AND ALL IN AUTHORITY.

O Lord, consider the important duties of those who are in the ministry, and grant them Thy grace to fulfil their duties to Thy glory and our good. O pardon their weaknesses, and crown their pious endeavours with success, all for His sake who is mighty to save. Amen.

PRAYER AGAINST TEMPTATION.

[This and the following Titles are here given as they were found, without any Prayers attached to them.]

FOR SAILORS.**AGAINST STORM, LIGHTNING, AND ALL DANGER.****FOR PROTECTION.**

PRAYER TO BE KEPT THROUGH LIFE.

O Lord, life is a short period in Thine eye, and is so to us when ended; but we that are beginning it know it will be short, yet we cannot think, nature will not be persuaded that it has but a short time to live; therefore, O God, keep us from all evil, and out of temptation, for Christ's sake. Amen.

FOR GOD'S BLESSING.

O bless us we beseech Thee, O God, and guard over us in the silent watches of this night; give us fresh vigour when we wake to-morrow, and bless us. Amen.

FOR ANY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

FOR SUNDAY.

FOR GOD'S BLESSING.

O God, bless us with Thy guidance this day, and keep us through it; give us grace to remember Thee in all things; this I beg for Christ's sake.

FOR MAMA.

O God, pour continual showers of Thy blessings on my darling Mama ; be Thou her strong rock of defence in the day of trouble ; spare her in that day when Thou makest up Thy pearls, and let her be one of Thy *choice* pearls, for Christ's sake. Amen, Amen.

(O Lord,) also I beseech Thee that my present illness be ruled by Thy Fatherly care to Thy glory and my good, (I thank Thee I am getting better). O grant that I may continue to recover, if it be Thy will, through Christ. O God bless, &c.

FOR AN UNWORTHY SINNER.

O thou merciful Trinity ! if such a worm as I can presume to approach the throne of the heavenly grace, I humbly come begging, for Christ's sake, that I may be armed with the true Christian's armour, and to be clothed with the robes of Christ's holiness, and to be kept from sin and the devil. O, if my request be too presumptuous, pardon me, and grant me what is best, for Christ's sake. Amen.

LAST, FOR MY DEAREST MAMA.

O Lord, my dear Mama I commend to thy protection this day (or night), keep her through the silent watches of the night, and the busy hours of the day ; be with and guard her who has none to protect her and her only child, whom she loves better than friend or home. O God, she is a kind mother to me, and I praise Thee for her. O grant her every blessing that a loving child can wish, and a Heavenly Father conceive ; do Thou who art able to shew mercy to her, shew it, and stick closer to her than a brother, through this wilderness, for Jesus' sake.

AMEN.

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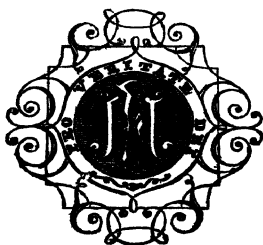
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